



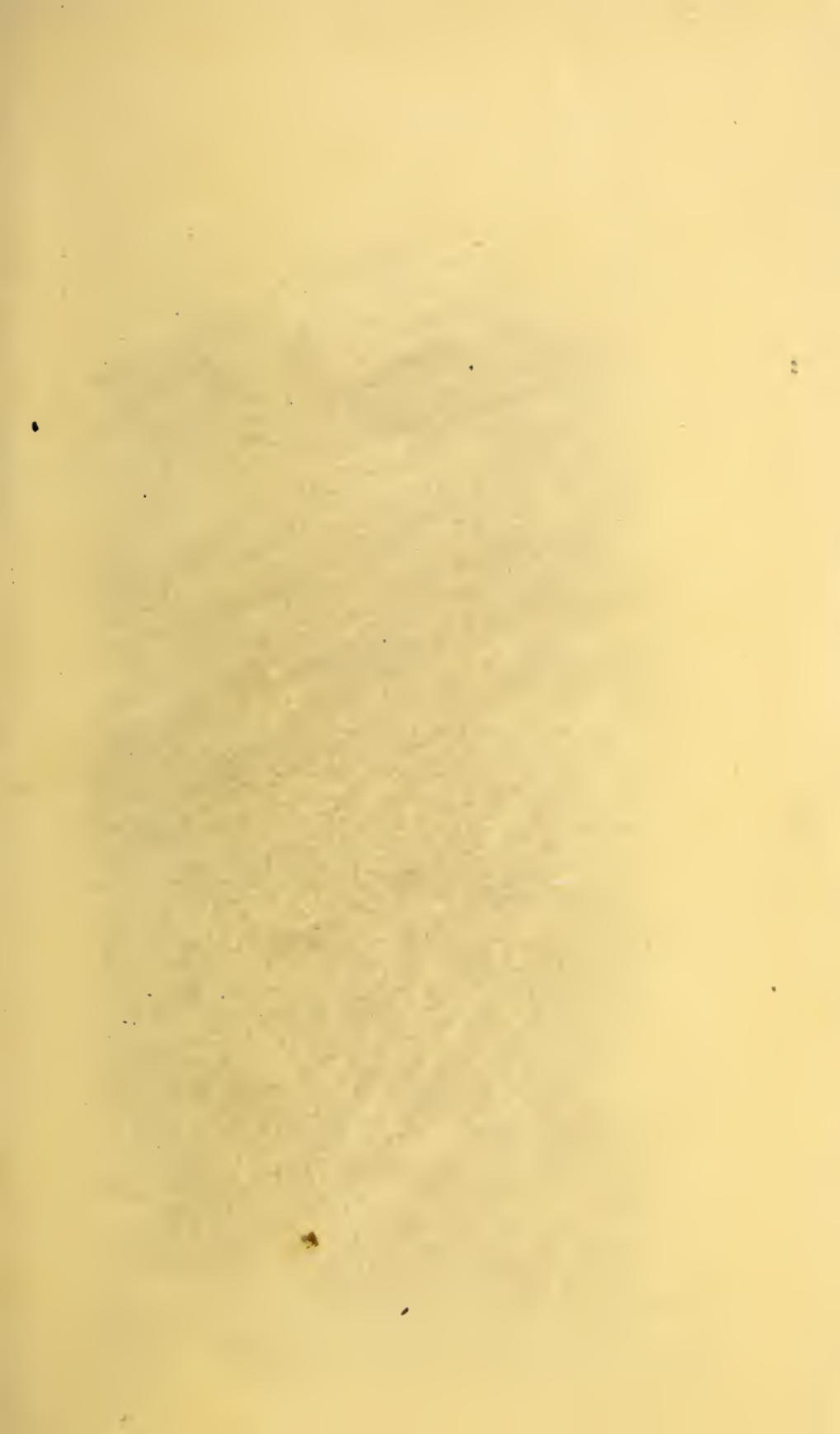
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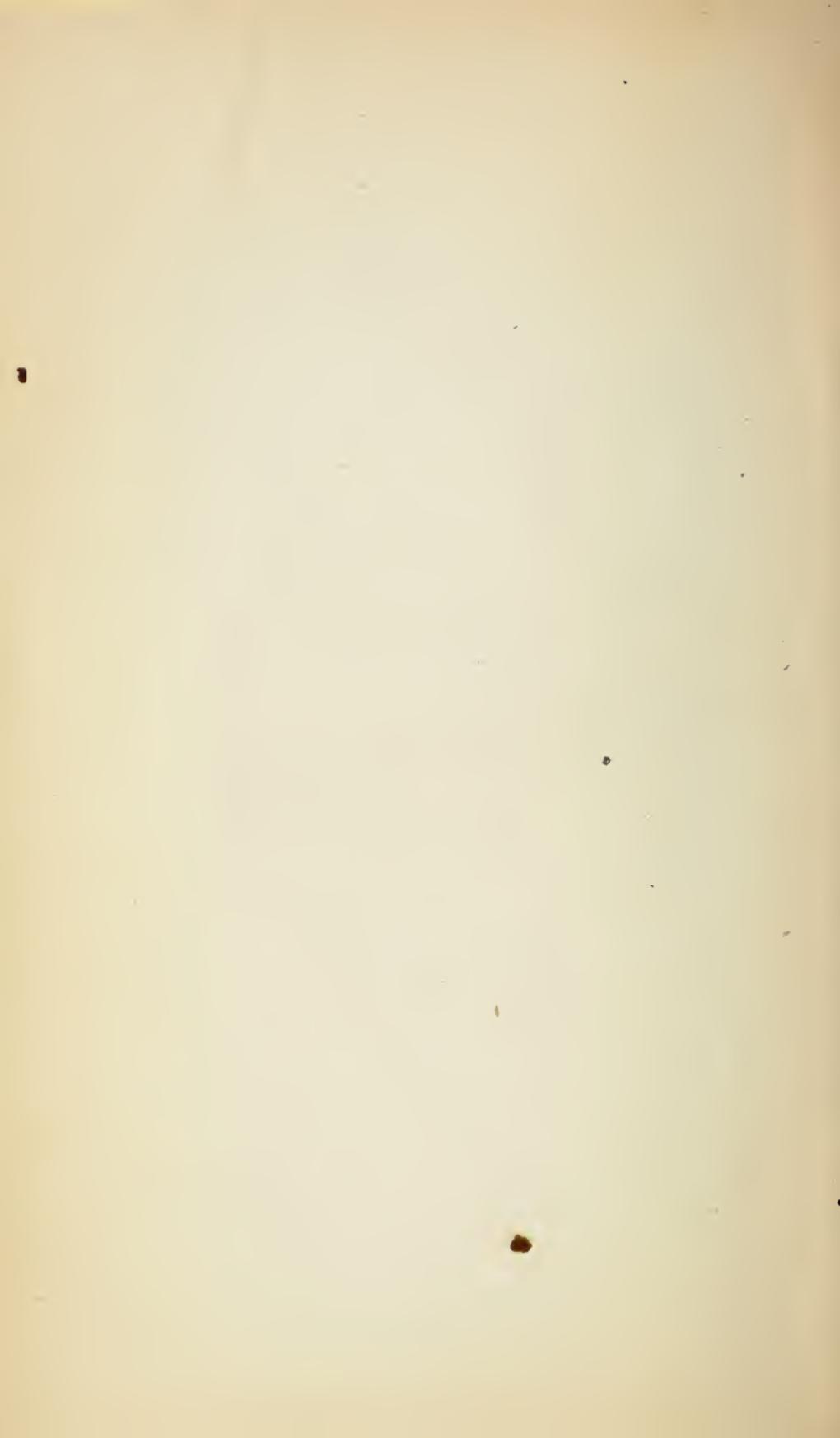
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











Eng'd by F Halpin

Yours Truly,
Lydia Baxter

G E M S

BY THE WAYSIDE;

OR,

Religious and Domestic Poems.

BY
LYDIA BAXTER.
"



NEW YORK.

SHELDON, LAMPORT & BLAKEMAN,
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T O M Y H U S B A N D ,

J O H N C . B A X T E R ,

O F N E W Y O R K ,

T H E C O M P A N I O N O F M Y J O Y S A N D S O R R O W S ,

T h e s e P a g e s

A R E A F F E C T I O N A T E L Y D E D I C A T E D

B Y T H E A U T H O R .

Pretax.

It is with peculiar feelings that I present to the public this book of verse; being aware that it will meet the keen eye of the critic. Some of my productions have appeared as fugitive pieces in various religious Magazines and Periodicals of the day; there is, therefore, less to be anticipated on that score, than if they were all fresh culled. If the mind of the reader is not elevated with flights of the imagination, the heart may be cheered and encouraged, as it participates with the writer in the joys that flow from that pure stream which meanders through the valley of humiliation.

Many of these effusions have been pencilled while suffering affliction from the hand of a merciful God; some from incidents that have occurred by the way-

side ; others by the request of friends, who are now desirous to meet them in the form of a book.

This is the only department in the vineyard of my Master in which I have been able to labor for several years ; and if some little good shall be the result, I feel that my reward will be ample.

NEW YORK, *July*, 1854.

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Incidental and Miscellaneous.

EARTH'S LOVELINESS.

I LOVE, I love this world so bright,
Its pleasant things my heart delight.
I love to breathe the balmy air
Of spring, perfumed with odors rare.

I love to hear the wild birds sing,
And see them rise on downy wing;
Or hop and pick the scattered food,
To bear in triumph to their brood.

I love to see the opening flowers
Of early spring in woodland bowers ;
And trace the little winding brook,
That warbles through the grassy nook.

I love to watch the finny tribe
Darting athwart from side to side :
Or leap to catch each gnat and fly
That on its glassy surface lie.

I love to hear the children shout,
When first the peeping frogs are out ;
Or slowly steal the pond beside,
To list their song at even-tide.

The early snow—the summer shower—
The fragrant breeze—the shady bower—
The towering oak—the leaflet small—
I love them each, I love them all.

I love—but O ! what love I not
That God has made on this bright spot—
I love to wipe the grateful tear,
And thank that God who placed me here.

But if this world on which I gaze
Inspires my heart with love and praise,
What must have been its grandeur, when
It stood unscathed by blighting sin ?

When first the broad, expansive blue
Beamed with rich gems of golden hue ;
And each in adoration stood,
When He who made it called it “good” ?

Before the tempter's lying breath
Brought sorrows, tears, or fearful death ;
When man as angels did rejoice,
To hear his blessed Maker's voice ?

Though earth much loveliness retains,
It has its woes, its tears, and pains ;
And joys of *perfect* love have found
A brighter clime on holy ground.

Then shall this love within my soul
Cease, when the sea forgets to roll ?
No,—I shall mount where seraphs shine,
And strike the harp to love divine.

NEW YORK, January 24, 1849.



THANKSGIVING HYMN.

WRITTEN WHILE SUFFERING UNDER SEVERE AND REPEATED AFFLICTIONS.

FOR what shall I thank Thee, my Saviour, my God ?
For stroke upon stroke, from thy heavy rod ?
For waves of affliction that break o'er my soul,
While billows of sorrow incessantly roll ?

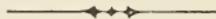
Yes, I'll thank Thee for these, if grace but be given,
To guide my frail bark to the confines of heaven ;
If through these dark tempests my faith can descry,
The Star of my Hope gleaming brightly on high.

I will thank Thee for life, its joys, and its woes,
And drink to the dregs the cup He bestows,
If He will but grant me a sense of his love,
To comfort my soul in its pathway above.

I thank Thee, my Father, for Jesus thy Son,
Who came to redeem me when lost and undone ;
Who bore in His body my sins on the tree,
Thus opening the portals of heaven for me.

There, there in His presence Thanksgiving and praise,
In songs never ceasing, to Jesus I'll raise ;
When freed from this body of sin and distress,
I'll rest, oh ! how sweetly on His precious breast !

NEW YORK, Thursday, Dec. 12, 1850.



THE OLD MAN'S PLEA.

AN aged man, with silvery hair,
Sat musing in his old arm-chair,
Beneath a tree whose lofty height
Caught the first rays of orient light.
Not one leaf on its branches hung,
To shield him from the sultry sun ;
But yet, his tott'ring footsteps brought
Him there, each day, in solemn thought.
Though round him stood more stately trees,
Loaded with fruit and glossy leaves,
'Twas here he breathed a purer air
And offered up a holier prayer.

For here, when young, his youthful bride
Sat with him oft at eventide ;

And here his children early played
Beneath its cool, inviting shade ;
Where they had conned their infant prayer,
And schoolboy's task, with earnest care.
Here watched, in spring, the plump redbreast,
Till, fledged, her young forsook their nest ;
And e'en when autumn's winds swept round,
A charm its leafless branches found
To win their love, till winter spread
Its mantle o'er the grassy bed.

This aged man oft sat and wept,
As memory here her record kept ;
For he alone remained to tell
How dear the spot he loved so well !
And when the sturdy axeman's blow
Was given to lay that tall tree low,
His withered arms were round it flung,
And tears from his dim eyes were wrung,
Such as had wet his manly face
When, from his loved and fond embrace,
His sainted wife to God was given,
To swell the song of love in heaven.

“ Oh spare,” in accents loud, said he,
“ This dear old friend, my aged tree !
We've grown and withered side by side,
‘ Tis still my emblem and my guide !
Its loftly top points up to heaven,
From whence my hopes of bliss are given.

Till 'neath the Tree of Life I bend,
 And there my voice with loved ones blend,
 Oh spare ! in mercy spare to me,
 My early friend, my dear old tree !
 And when my snowy locks lie low,
 Prepare to give the fatal blow !
 Yes ! nerve thee for the final stroke,
 And prostrate lay my favorite oak !”

February, 1853.



THE WISH.

Oh ! could I dwell in some lone spot,
 Where fragrant breezes blow,
 With a pure rill before my cot,
 Passing in murmurs low,
 Where sweetest flowers arise to greet
 The rays of morning’s sun,
 And peace and plenty smiling meet
 My cheerful board alone :—

Oh ! could I dwell with *one* kind friend,
 In such a place as this,
 Whose sorrows with my own should blend,
 And sweeten all my bliss—
 I would not ask for India’s mines,
 Nor princess’ gay attire ;
 But sweet content a wreath should bind
 Around my brow entire.

MY ROSE TREE.

I SEE it now as erst it stood,
In June's bright sunny morning ;
As near the garden fence it wooed,
The sun's first radiant dawning.

I marked with joy the mossy stem,
And saw its buds expanding,
Until I clasped a full-blown gem
The first perfume demanding.

I gently shook the dew-drops bright,
The sun was fast exhaling,
And bending then, with fond delight,
I stood its sweets inhaling.

Anticipating me, had come
A bee into my bower ;
And there, concealed himself among
The leaves, of my own flower.

He sought revenge, as I should not,
For with his sting, he met me !
I cared not how much sweet he got,
Then why should he beset me ?

And thus I've found life's path-way here,
E'en in its pleasant bowers,
I found I still had cause to fear
The Bee, among the flowers.

KINDNESS.

AH, why would you add a pang to the heart
O'erburdened here with sorrow ?
Or dim with grief the brow that wears
Hope of a brighter morrow ?

This earth hath many a cruel thorn ;
Each heart *enough* to suffer ;
They need not then the taunting scorn,
Or harsh replies we offer.

There are tears *enough* that must be shed,
And hearts oft err through blindness ;
Oh, then around life's pathway spread
The light of love and kindness.

Cast not a shadow around the heart
Of childhood's happy morning ;—
Quench not the fount of joys that start,
Or nip the bud's first dawning.

'Tis the holiday of life methinks,
When hope's bright rays are shining ;
And kindness adds another link
To the golden chain we're twining.

Then speak kind words of cheer to the heart
Of all who gather round you ;
It will a balm to thy soul impart,
And heaven with joy will crown you.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

I saw her, pale and feeble,
Beside the casement sit ;
And watch each morn and even,
The happy warblers flit
Around her much loved garden, where
She'd seen so oft those birdlings fair.

'Twas Spring, in early beauty,
The buds were shooting forth ;
Glad that the winds so dreary
Were cradled in the north,
Where wintry frosts their fetters roll
And bind the Arctic to the pole.

She knew that happy season
To her would ne'er return ;
She felt the birds were singing
To her their parting song ;
And every flower she loved so well
In fragrance breathed farewell, farewell.

I'm sad, said she, at parting
With all that seems so dear ;
And from my eye is starting
Unsought, the bitter tear ;
As o'er the landscape's sunny side,
I gaze at morn and eventide.

God made this world so lovely,
I see his glorious hand ;
Around, beneath, above me
Unrivalled beauties stand ;
The earth, the sky, the breath of heaven—
All, all to man so kindly given.

But hush these sad repinings,
The blight of sin is here ;
Earth's joys so brightly shining,
And all this goodly sphere
Has felt its with'ring poisonous breath,
And man its woes, its curse, and death.

When through my Saviour's merit,
I reach my glorious home ;
I know my deathless spirit,
O'er fairer fields will roam ;
With Seraphs then his praise I'll swell,
And gladly bid this world farewell.

Till then, may grace sustain me,
And light death's gloomy way ;
And from its surges bear me,
Safe to the realms of day ;
Then I, of holier joys will tell,
And gladly bid loved earth farewell.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

THIS modest little flower,
Oft have I strayed to find ;
As if some magic power,
And charm, were there combined.

I've placed it on my table,
Beside the budding rose ;
And felt its power a cable,
That time could not unloose.

I've wept to see it wither,
And laid it gently by :
And felt that death would sever,
The firmest, strongest tie.

A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER ON THE EVE OF
HER MARRIAGE.

I HAVE twined the Orange blossom
Closely in thy glossy hair :
Placed the rosebud on thy bosom,
Emblem, fit, of one so fair.

But a gem far more enduring,
To thy youthful heart I'd bind ;
Thoughts thy happiness assuring,
If its precepts thou wilt mind.

From experience I would show thee,
How to make life's pathway bright ;
Spread its joys and woes before thee,
Summer's sun and winter's night.

Pleasure's arms are now extended,
Love sits smiling on the way ;
But earth's joys, with cares are blended
For new strength then daily pray.

Ever meet thy husband kindly,
Cheer him oft with love's soft lay—
Pass his imperfections blindly,
If his manly heart e'er stray.

Be united, strength will lighter
Make the bond of wedded love ;
And domestic joys shine brighter,
When your hearts in concert move.

Should the clouds of darkness lower,
And affliction pale the cheek ;
Nerve thee for the bitter hour,—
Grace can make the trial sweet.

Child, the parting scene is over,—
Thou a mother's blessing hast.
I've resigned thee to another ;
Painful, is the pleasing task.

He has vowed my child to cherish ;
But I ne'er could say farewell ;
If I thought his love would perish,
Or grow cold, sweet Arabell.

WHEN I AM GONE.

WHEN I'm gone, dear father tell me,
Will the sun as brightly shine,
In the bending skies above me ;
Or the stars at day's decline,
Stand as thick in yonder heaven,
Darting down their twinkling rays ;
When the fragrant breath of evening,
Through the lattice gently plays ?

Will the earth be clothed with flowers,
And the birds as sweetly sing,
In their pleasant shady bowers,
In the happy, happy spring ?
Will my friends my mem'ry cherish,
Or my name be soon forgot ;
And with this frail body perish,
In the lonely churchyard spot ?

“ Dearest child, earth's scenes are lovely,
God, thy Father, made them all ;
And they change but at his bidding,
For he marks the sparrow's fall.

He, his sunshine ever sendeth,
On the evil and the good ;
And his love he still intendeth,
For the unborn multitude.

“ Flowers of brighter hues are blooming,
In the gardens of his grace ;
And the light that place illumining,
Is the glory of his face ;
And what though thy name may perish,
When thy friends from hence depart ?
Jesus will it ever cherish,
For he bears it on his heart.”

Father, yes, I know I’m dying,
Earthly beauties fade away ;
But my soul on Christ relying,
Sees a brighter heavenly ray
Leading to the throne of glory,
Where the ransomed millions stand,—
Hark ! there’s music stealing o’er me,
Comes it from that happy land ?

Oh ! what floods of light and glory,
Burst upon my trembling frame ;
Angels spread your pinions o’er me,
Bear me on in Jesus’ name ;
Through those pearly gates I’ll enter,
Jesus shall my passport be ;
And all glory there shall centre
In the Lamb, who died for me.

“BEHOLD YOUR KING.”

BEHOLD him ! He enters, thy King cometh now,
A crown is encircling that calm noble brow ;
But oh ! the deep anguish, the sharp piercing thorns,
Compose the rude crown which His temple adorns.

The purple of royalty decks his fair form,
A robe of disgrace, the raiment of scorn ;
And in his kind hand a sceptre they place,
Then buffet and smite him, and spit in his face.

Then pausing before him, they bend the proud knee ;
Address him as King with mock ecstasy ;
With scoffs they deride him, then tauntingly say,
“Come, tell us who smote thee, thou prophet, we pray.”

Next the scourge and the nails, the cross and the spear,
This meek lowly One in silence did bear ;
The rays of the sun, rolled back toward the throne,
While He, the rejected, thus suffered alone.

But think 'mid His anguish compassion is there ;
His sweet voice is breathing to heaven a prayer
For those who deride him : “ O Father, forgive ! ”
Then cries, “ It is finished,” the sinner may live.

My soul, come adore Him, the Crucified One,—
He liveth ! He reigneth ! The conquest is won.
As King now he beareth the sceptre of love,
While crowned with *all glory* is Jesus above.

THE MOUNT OF CHILDHOOD.

IN childhood's early morning,
When health glowed on my cheek,
I loved when day was dawning
To view the mountain's peak,
And thought, if thither I could rise,
My tiny hand would reach the skies.

Its brow arose to heaven,
And kissed the rising sun,
As up his car was driven,
His daily course to run ;
And when dark clouds had veiled its side,
I longed beneath their folds to hide.

But when I reached its summit—
For there my feet were led—
I stood and gazed upon it,
But oh ! the sky had fled ;
And far around my eye could trace
Such beauties time could ne'er efface.

I loved the meadow flowers,
I loved each nook and dell ;
But oh ! those mountain-bowers
Of holier things did tell :
For on Mount Sinai's height was given,
Amidst the fire, the Law of Heaven.

Oft have I stood with wonder,
And heard its terrors roll,
And feared that Sinai's thunder
Would crush my sinful soul—
Till through the smoke of fear did rise,
On Zion's mount the Sacrifice.

My childhood's mount I cherish ;
And if on Sinai's brow
I feared I once should perish,
No terror has it now ;
For on Mount Calvary I see
The Lamb that bled and died for me.

From thence I turn with pleasure
Where mortal feet ne'er trod,
And faith, through yon bright azure,
Beholds the mount of God,
Where Jesus owns his friends above,
On that blest mount of holy love.



THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

I SAW a mother weeping,
Beside an infant's bier ;
And angels there were keeping
A record of each tear.

She grieved that God had given
Her darling to the tomb ;
And from her heart had riven,
The bud of sweetest bloom.

Methought an angel bending,
Breathed softly on her ear ;
And said to God you 're lending,
The gem you cherished here.

'Twas meet that such a flower,
Should sparkle near his throne ;
Amid that radiant bower,
Which Jesus calls his own.

His gracious bosom beareth,
The cherub of your love ;
And brighter robes it weareth,
Than Mothers ever wove.

Through grace you may inherit,
A mansion on that shore ;
And own through Jesus' merit,
Your darling evermore.

Oh, there may you in glory,
The parted meet to tell ;
The ever wond'rous story,
God doeth all things well.

OH! STAY, THOU LOVELY SUMMER.

Oh! stay, thou lovely summer,
Shed yet one genial ray,
Ere thou, in gentle slumber,
Dost breathe thy charms away.

My tearful eyes would linger
Upon thy loveliness,
Ere Autumn's golden finger
Sports with thy beauteous dress.

Thy em'rald robe I love it,
'Tis dearer far to me,
Than gems a king might covet,
Or pearls from yon blue sea.

Awake, sweet bird of summer,
And from thy leafy home
Pour some enchanting number,
Ere its last hour has flown.

Soon chilling winds may drive thee
To some far-distant shore,
Or in some cleft confine thee,
Till bleaker storms are o'er.

And I, who sing its praises,
Before Spring's breath again
Awakes the early daisies,
Or decks the flow'ring plain,

May with these beauties perish,
Amid the wintry gloom ;
And be by those I cherish,
Borne to the silent tomb.

But through this portal dreary,
By faith the good descry
A land no changes vary,
A cloudless summer sky ;

Where verdant landscapes ever
Meet the untiring gaze,
And hills of sacred pleasure
Resound immortal praise.

THE BOB-O-LINK.

WHAT charming notes I hear from yonder cage !
'Tis the Bob-o-link that sings so sweetly.
In childhood, oft I heard like precious strains,
As, perched upon my father's lofty crib,
The Bob-o-link, in bright and sunny June,
Poured forth such sweet, enchanting melody.
Beside the open casement then I sat,
And hailed with joy the coming of that bird,
And happy as himself did seem the while ;
I listened to his cheerful, joyous song ;

For well I knew that then the meadows teemed
With strawberries, that sweet, delicious fruit.
And when the smiling sun had drank the dew,
With cup in hand I hasted out to pick
The blushing berries from their lowly bed.
There, too, I met the spotted Bob-o-link
Flitting around with joy, from bush to bush,
Or swinging on the willow's slender twig,
Still carolling his sweet and blithesome song.
Sure, those were happy days. And happy birds
Were those I saw soaring aloft at will,
Or nestling on the carpet of green grass.
The early dew they drank, and daily fed
Upon the luscious fruit and berries sweet
That there around in rich profusion grew.
Oh, how I loved those birds! Their cheerful songs,
E'en now, with joy light up the sunny past.
And yet, with tears, I turn me from those scenes,
Those happy scenes, for they are ever gone,
Or only live on memory's page.

I LOVE TO THINK OF HEAVEN.

I LOVE to think of heaven,
The Christian's final home,
Where crowns and harps are given,
. To all around the throne;

Where saints of every nation
One song of love shall swell,
Ascribing their salvation
To Christ, Immanuel.

I love to think of heaven,
That place replete with joy,
Where spotless robes are given,
And pleasures never cloy ;
But hill and dale rejoices,
And golden prospects please,
And sweet seraphic voices
Float on each living breeze.

I love think to of heaven,
That “chosen spot of space,”
Where God unveils his glory
Through Jesus’ lovely face ;
As king the angels crown him,
On that ethereal plain,
While ransomed souls around him
“The Lamb ! the Lamb !” proclaim.

I love to think of heaven,
My much-loved friends are there ;
And precious babes I’ve given,
My Saviour’s love to share.
As stars of night they glitter,
Amidst his glorious crown ;
No gems of love are fitter,
Or shed such light around.

I love to think of heaven,
Those mansions bright and fair,
And feel, when ties are riven,
No farewell sound is there ;
But happy spirits ever
In union sweet will move,
And with their blessed Saviour
Range o'er those fields of love.

I love to think of heaven,
The Christian's glorious rest,
Where sorrow's waves can never
Break o'er their peaceful breast ;
But higher still is swelling
That radiant sea of love,
New light and life revealing
From out the throne above.

Who would not dwell in heaven,
That city paved with gold,
All garnished with salvation,
So beauteous to behold ;
Where, hand in hand with angels,
That landscape we'll explore,
And gather flowers immortal,
When time shall be no more ?

STANZAS.

I LOOKED and saw a lovely flower,
Upon a slender stem ;
Its leaves were moistened by a shower,
And beauty clothed the gem.

I looked again, and lo ! the leaves
Had fallen to the ground,
Were scattered by the envious breeze—
No fragrance there was found.

This lesson taught my heart how frail
Were beauty, time and youth ;
It bade me look where joys ne'er fail,
And grasp eternal truth.



THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH.*

A BLIGHTING curse on Carmel's hill,
The with'ring verdure felt ;
And Cherith's water, that sweet rill,
Where God's dear servant knelt.

No balmy breeze swept o'er the plain,
No dew refreshed the flower,—
For three long years, nor earth nor main
Had drank a cooling shower.

* 1 Kings, xvii.

The city of Sarepta,* too,
Had felt the chast'ning rod ;
Perchance within her walls were few
Who feared the living God :

And yet methinks *one* widowed heart,
With anguish deep was riven ;
Had she not felt that sorrow's dart
Ne'er entered Israel's heaven ?

Her little son was now to share
With her their last repast ;
But while for this she did prepare,
A weary wand'rer past.

A cup of water he did crave,—
And bring a bit of bread :
Thy care-worn servant hither came
To seek relief, he said.

Think you that tender mother bade
The stranger to depart ;
Or shared with him the meal she had,
While hunger pierced her heart ?

First for the man of God she made
“ Thereof a little cake ; ”
God blest the act, her meal was stayed,
For good Elijah's sake.

* Luke, iv. 26.

THE LONE WIDOW.

I SOUGHT a room where care and wo,
A widow's heart were rending ;
And through the window, sleet and snow
The rude north wind was sending.

The dying embers faintly glowed,
And every ray was telling ;
That want and wretchedness abode,
Within the widow's dwelling,

“ For many years,” she said, “ alone
I've drank the cup of sorrow ;
And felt how sad the widow's moan,
How cheerless is the morrow.

But yet I 've *one* memento left,
It is a golden treasure ;
And though of all else here bereft,
This ever gives me pleasure.”

And from her bosom then she drew
The picture so much cherished ;
My darling son, said she, they slew ;
In cruel war he perished.

On Palo Alto's height he bled,
His country's flag waved o'er him ;
Perchance no tear for him was shed,
When to the grave they bore him !

But ah ! his widowed mother weeps—
The last lone tie is broken,
And here her lonely vigil keeps,
Where his farewell was spoken.

THE MINER.

TO E. G. W—— IN CALIFORNIA.

I SEEM to see thee in that land,
Where Yuba's waters roar,
Bending to wash the murky sand,
Dug from the earth with stalwart hand,
In search of precious ore.

Next to the lowly hut I trace
A miner's weary feet ;
The board is spread, but not with grace,
No mother stands with smiling face,
Nor sister kind to greet.

In vain I search for downy bed,
And pillow white and clean ;
The mountain buffalo has shed
His shaggy robe, to shield thy head,
From cold and vapors keen.

The winds that sweep the lofty pine,
And Yuba's sullen roar,
A vesper keep, while crickets chime
Their notes in solemn chanting time,
Till morning lights the shore.

Oh, had you there some kindred friend
To break this dull routine ;
Some sympathizing hand to lend
A charm, and social pleasure blend,
How changed would be the scene !

Ah, do not spend in search of gold
Youth's brightest, sweetest hours ;
A richer bliss is in the fold
Of home, where sacred joys untold,
Cheer love's domestic bowers.



THE GOLD HUNTER'S LAMENT.

AH ! why did I roam,
From that happy home—
From the land that gave me birth,
From friends I revere,
And kindred so dear,
To seek for the treasures of earth ?

Unaccustomed to toil,
I cared not to soil
My clothes or lily-white hand—
Till I came to the spot,
Where the miners got
The gold from the glittering sand.

My strength then I laid,
On shovel and spade,
My feet and clothes seldom dry—
And round me swept
The winds that crept
From the snow-capped mountains so high.

No pillow of down,
But on the cold ground,
My bed of blankets I 've made—
Then dreamed of my home,
And entered the room,
Where mother's rich dainties were laid.

Then on the warm blaze,
Enraptur'd I gaze,
The sofa I roll to its place—
So rich is the cheer,
I brush off the tear,
That steals down my pale sunken face.

But health I have sold,
For this shining gold,
For a grave, and—nothing more—
And no tearful eye
Will mark where I lie,
On Sacramento's golden shore.

COMFORT IN AFFLICION.

My chastened soul submissive lies,
Dear Saviour, at thy feet :
Justice the needful rod applies,
But Mercy makes it sweet.

My treacherous heart too often falls
A captive to each snare ;
And unbelief my mind entralls,
And urges to despair.

If Faith her feeble wings expand,
And joys ecstatic bloom,
Then Fear again her claim demands,
And Hope seems half entombed.

But, Lord, my plea is, Jesus died !
This thought my love revives ;
And in that fountain he supplied,
My soul securely lies.

There, when the last sad blow is felt
Which sin has power to give,
May I, absolved from all my guilt,
Awake, with him to live.

Then will I shout on that blest shore,
When conflicts all are past,
And death's dread sting is felt no more,
“ I'm safe ” with Christ at last !

THE JOURNEY TO EMMAUS.

THE Shepherd of the flock was laid
Aside in Joseph's tomb ;
The sheep were scattered, all dismayed,
And filled with frightful gloom.

The third day dawned—death's power was broke :
And as the journeying two
Of their departed Master spoke,
A stranger hove in view.

The sorrowing tale of Jesus' wo
To Him they quickly tell ;
But soon their hearts with love o'erflow ;
His words like music fell.

He showed how Christ the Holy Lamb,
The Eternal Father gave
To die, that He, poor fallen man,
From death and hell might save,

So sweet the heavenly stranger's voice
Did fall upon their ears,
It made their burning hearts rejoice,
And calmed their rising fears.

And when to Emmaus they came,
The day now being spent,
His blessed company they claim,
Though on his steps seemed bent.

“Abide with us!” they kindly said,
While tears their cheeks bedew.
He stopped—He blessed and broke the bread—
Their risen Lord they knew.

’Tis sweet a Saviour’s love to feel
When sin’s corroding blast,
Or sorrow’s breath around us steals,
Or clouds our sky o’ercast.

“Abide with us!”—Thy presence Lord
Can smooth life’s rugged way ;
And when above our bark is moored,
Thou’lt wipe our tears away.

A SCENE ON THE JORDAN.

ONCE from Judea’s wilderness,
Emerged a manly form,—
A coarse and simple ancient dress,
His body did adorn ;
’Twas laid in graceful folds around,
And by a leathern girdle bound.

He stood with heavenly courage bold,
Upon that peaceful strand ;
Where Jordan’s placid waters rolled
On through bright Canaan’s land—
Perchance, on that same bank once stood,
The Priests who bore the Ark of God.

His voice as dulcet soft and sweet,
The list'ning throng did hear,
And closer press'd around his feet,
Trembling with guilt and fear:
He said, "Repent, ye sinful band,
God's blessed kingdom is at hand."

While thus he spoke, on through the crowd
A lovely being pressed;
And there in gentle meekness bowed,
And thus his wish expressed:
"I've sought thee at the river-side,
To lay my body 'neath the tide."

"I've need to be baptized by thee,"
The startled preacher said:
"Why comest thou, my Lord, to me?"
The Saviour answer made—
"All righteousness I must fulfil,
I came to do my Father's will."

Then in old Jordan's rolling wave,
The holy Baptist stood;
And laid into the mystic grave,
The spotless Lamb of God.
And as he rose the veil of heaven
Awhile to mortal gaze was riven.

And lo! the Spirit, heavenly guest,
Descended like a dove;

And nestled on that gracious breast,
 Fit emblem of his love.—
 And from the Father's throne was heard,
 A voice which every bosom stirred.

Like music from the realms of bliss,
 It fell on every ear ;
 Each felt a thrill of happiness,
 As heaven itself were near.
 It said, “ Well pleased am I to own,
 This is my dear beloved Son.”

REFLECTION.

WRITTEN WHEN INDISPOSED.

I SAT myself down under a wide-spreading oak,
 And called my past folly to mind ;
 I thought of the days when from sin I awoke,
 And embraced a dear Saviour so kind.

I thought of the days when in childhood I strayed,
 And gathered wild flowers in May ;
 When the sweet warbling songsters enlivened the glade,
 And sportively sang on each spray.

Oh ! sweet retrospection of childish devotion,
 Thy transient enjoyment is o'er ;
 I look with regret on the speed of thy motion,
 And vainly past pleasures deplore.

My joys now are mingled with sorrow and tears,
Each pleasure is tasted with pain ;
But oh ! the bright prospect of glory appears,
Where the weary a rest may obtain.

Oh ! may I when crossing the cold stream of Jordan,
My Saviour, lean firmly on thee ;
No more, then, I'll groan under sin's heavy burden,
But safe in thy bosom I'll be.

ALONE WITH GOD.

'Tis sometimes sweet to be alone,
From all our friends apart ;
Where thoughts, if breathed, are heard by none,
Save Him who sees the heart.

Alone with God—delightful spot !
When every secret sigh
Is registered, where sighs are not,
In heaven's unclouded sky !

Alone with God—communion sweet
The heirs of glory find,
When, near the gracious mercy-seat,
They all to Christ resign.

Ah, yes ! it is a holy place,
A Bethel on the way,
Where we our Ebenezer raise
To mark some heavenly ray.

Alone with God, in humble prayer—
Oh, may we often prove
That Jesus meets the contrite there,
And fills the soul with love !

Sweet oases to cheer the heart
Are found upon life's road ;
But none more holy joys impart
Than this—alone with God.

May, 1854.



CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Hail glorious day when Christ forsook,
His blest abode on high,
And in this world our nature took,
To bring salvation nigh.

Hail glorious day
Yes mortals may,
Triumphantly exclaim,
He did descend
To be our friend,
That we in bliss might reign.

The star-led men adorning came
And costly gifts bestowed,
While heavenly hosts "good will" proclaim
Around his new abode.

Oh Saviour king
What praises ring
Around thy humble bed,
Angels with men
Do join the theme,
To praise their living head.

THE TREMBLING CHRISTIAN IN VIEW OF DEATH.

GENTLY, Saviour, gently bear me
O'er the boisterous swelling tide ;
Firmer my weak faith would clasp thee,
Ere I reach the water's side.

Oh, how dreary is the passage !
Darkness veils the distant shore,
Death sits brooding on its surface ;
Jesus, smile, I ask no more.

Sin has raised its cloudy pillar,
Unbelief would crush my soul ;
Saviour, o'er that gloomy billow
Let the light of glory roll.

Thou hast felt death's icy finger
Thou hast triumphed o'er the grave ;
While I near its portals linger,
Jesus, show thy power to save.

On thy bosom I will rest me,
To thy wounded side I'll turn ;
Jesus my weak faith can trust thee,
Thou canst save so vile a worm.

Oh, the path grows bright before me,
Glory lights the distant shore ;
Love's pure banner floateth o'er me,
Jesus smiles—I ask no more.



THE DEACON'S HORSE.

ONCE in a rude sequestered spot,
Far from the village din ;
A good old deacon reared a cot,
And calmly lived within.

Each Sabbath morn, his horse, old Jack,
Was from the pasture led,
And from the deacon's well-filled sack,
The goodly nag was fed.

He was a beast of spirit rare,
And quickly o'er the road
The deacon and his wife did bear
Up to the house of God.

No storms e'er kept the deacon home ;
He loved to fill his seat ;
And Jack in safety bore him on,
With sure and nimble feet.

But soon a veil of grief was cast
Around the evening sky :
The good old deacon breathed his last,
Without one fearful sigh.

And when the dear departed one,
Was laid in that loved spot—
The widow could not live alone,
So left the pleasant cot.

And poor old Jack, he too, must share,
The widow's gloomy fate ;
From other hands he took his fare,
Far from the deacon's gate.

But ever as the Sabbath came,
To meeting Jack would go ;
He needed neither whip nor rein,
For he the way did know.

When there, he gently sought his spot,
 And quietly he stood,
 'Till church was o'er, then with a trot,
 Old Jack was on the road.

But then, he always took the way
 To his old master's door ;
 And stopped when there, as if to say,
 " Old Jack is home once more."



PRAYER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

O Domine Deus, speravi in te !
 O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me !
 In dura catenâ,
 In misera poenâ,
 Desidero te.

Languendo, gemendo, et genu flectendo,
 Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me

JEHOVAH, My God, I have trusted in thee !
 O Jesus, my Saviour, deliver thou me !
 In bondage thy foes my body have kept,
 And deep in the vale of misery I've wept.
 To thee, my Redeemer, for succor I fly,—
 My heart-rending sorrows have entered the sky.
 And now I adore thee, while bending the knee ;
 But still I implore thee, deliver thou me !

REFLECTIONS ON THE CHOLERA.

Who hath not lost a friend ?
While o'er our fated earth
The plague its wrath did spend,
Crushing fond hopes at birth,
Who hath not paused, with tearful eye,
To view the angel passing by ?

Parents have stood aghast,
To see their flow'rets fall,
And sickened as the last
Lay silent 'neath the pall ;
And in the same cold, silent ground,
With those they loved a tomb have found.

Homeless, the orphan band
Alone have sat and wept,
Till midnight o'er the land
In darkling shadows crept ;
Then laid them down in some lone spot,
Where grief awhile has been forgot.

The drunkard's song was hushed
While o'er the midnight bowl,
And all his hopes were crushed,
As horror filled his soul :
With anguish deep, and madness there,
His spirit sunk in dark despair.

The statesman too did bow ;
The hero and the sage,
The man with furrowed brow,
And locks all white with age,
Alike have felt the power of God,
And sunk heneath his chastening rod.

The blooming youth and child,
The infant of a day,
Were laid, in anguish wild,
Within the tomb away ;
And smitten hearts have breathed the prayer,
“Spare ! O my God ! in mercy spare !”

As flowers that decked the lawn
Have felt night’s chilly tread,
Friend after friend has gone,
Hope after hope has fled,—
Transplanted, some to climes more fair,
To shed eternal fragrance there.

The storm its force has spent,
And yet the monster stands,
With quiver full, and bent
The bow, for his demands :
Unerring then the blow will be,
When once the dart is aimed at me.

Then on, ye spared ones, on,
And nerve ye for the strife ;

Through sorrow's path is won
The crown of endless life :
Past conflicts then will make more sweet
Our rest, with friends, at Jesus' feet.

A SCENE AT THE BATTLE OF MONTEREY.

A writer from Mexico informs us that after the Battle of Monterey, a woman was seen upon the field, passing among the wounded and dying, with bread and water, which she kindly bestowed upon the poor fallen soldiers. She took the handkerchief from her own head to bind up a soldier's wounded arm, who lay fainting from the loss of blood. After her store was spent, she turned away, filled her gourd again with water, and as she was returning, a ball—which the writer hoped was accidental,—brought this poor creature to the ground, mingling her own life-blood with that of the victims, to whom she was administering relief. It was this striking and painful incident that suggested to my mind the following lines :—

UPON the field all gory
And red with human blood,
Where men had rushed for glory,
A lovely being stood :
She raised the fallen soldier,
And staunched the bleeding wound,
By binding her own 'kerchief
In many folds around,

Then on through scenes of slaughter,
She moved with gentle tread,
Thither had mercy brought her,
To raise the fainting head.

She dealt among the dying,
Her bread and water pure,
To none her gifts denying,
'Till failed her precious store.

Then from this field of sadness
I saw her quickly trip,
And fill her gourd in gladness,
To wet the parched lip.
Perchance her heart was yearning
For her own fallen son ;
If not, with love 'twas burning,
And with deep anguish wrung.

While there, with noblest feeling—
This tender woman found
Her own dear life-blood streaming—
She fell on battle ground.
She fell, but not imbruining
Her hands in other's blood,
But while in love pursuing
Her fellow-creatures' good.

Great God, if this is glory
Which men thus madly seek,
Cast not its laurels o'er me,
But let me humbly sleep
With sweet and peaceful slumber
Among the chosen few
Who strive their God to honor
With glory all his due.

TO ADELIA.

FOND friends may view that smiling face,
Each look of love or pleasure trace,
And I, who fain each bliss would share,
Or soothe thy heart if fraught with care
Impelled by duty far to roam
In sorrow from my heart's dear home.

But yet to know I share a part
In the affections of thy heart,—
To know that constant heart will be
Uplifted oft in prayer for me,
Will give to life a thousand charms
While absent from Adelia's arms.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DESIRE.

I ASK no faded gems of earth
To deck this brow of mine ;
No soul e'er panted at its birth
In glittering robes to shine.

But there's a robe of spotless white,
Which far outshines the morn ;
'Tis kept in yonder world of light,
The ransomed to adorn.

And there's a crown of nameless worth,
Which Jesus will bestow ;
And souls redeemed from sin and earth
Its lasting power shall know.

What joy while here to catch the gale
Perfumed with Jesus' love,
And in contrition's lowly vale,
Drink from the stream above.

A refuge from the blasts of sin
Is found at Jesus' feet ;
And, till the glorious prize I win,
I'll seek that blest retreat.

AN EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

I'll think of thee, while reason lends,
One spark to cheer my heart ;
And ever call thee *dearest friend*,
For such, thou truly art.

And when at eve the All-seeing eye
Beholds me on my knee ;
Ah, then my friend, remember I
Will breathe a prayer for thee.

AN EMBLEM OF LIFE.

"All flesh is as grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever."

THE fragrant flowers that deck the verdant lawn,
And rise in beauty round our careless feet,
Blending their sweetness with the balmy air,
Are representatives of mortal man.

They sip the heavenly dews, and sparkle
In the rays of the reviving sun. So God,
His blessings pour on each of Adam's race.
All feed—all live on His unbounded love.

Ungrateful some, and some obsequious
Bow to His commands; His works adoring,
And His blest name their humble, grateful song.

Unseen the gnawing worm oft revels on
The tender stalk, and lo! the opening flower
Ere its frail leaves expanded are, decays,
Or droops its head, and fades, or dies away
Upon the parent stalk. How gloomy this!
The parents fond the lovely child behold,
And in their breast hope paints the blooming youth—
The accomplished man! Ephemeral joy.
Disease infects the heart—its beauty fades,
And agonizing pain, convulsive racks
The tender frame. The trembling parents gaze
Upon the pallid cheek, and often press
The soothing cordial to the fevered lip.
Unconscious, stricken child; it heeds it not;
And vain their hands administer relief;

Its days all numbered are ; and its spirit,
Redeemed by Jesus' precious, saving blood,
The bright angelic band, bears up to bliss.

Not thus, all die. Some flourish till the sun
Ascends quite up, to his meridian height ;
In beauty flourish, and in lustre too,
By all beloved, and dearly loving all ;
Then wither 'neath his beams and happy die.

Nor these alone : Some hie them to the field,
The battle field, and there, 'mid scenes of wo,—
Of carnage and dismay ; as flowers fall
Before the mower's scythe upon the ground ;
So they ; e'en by the cold relentless hand
Of man, meet an untimely, dreadful grave.

Oh ! horrid sight, when man with fellow man,
In battle join and sate their vengeance
With dying victim's groans and flowing blood.

But some there are, who saw the lovely sun,
In dazzling splendor greet the dusky earth—
Then saw him climb to his meridian height :
Thence, swiftly descend the western sky ;
There still remain. But lo ! their lustre gone,
The stalk is with'ring at its leafless base—
The root, the infectious worm has eaten.
And thus no moisture, gains the sick'ning flower.
It droops, it hangs its feeble head, and soon,
The gentle breeze that sweeps the plain,
All gently lays them on the lap of Earth.
Some, too, with joy, their dissolution meet.

Prepared and ready for the harvest great.
Like shocks of corn, most fully ripe, they meet
The reaper's hand. For well assured are they,
That bliss, supernal bliss, their souls await.
Sweet was the service of their heavenly King ;
And sweet his promise to their dying ear,
“Ye shall be mine,” saith he, who in my work,
My blessed work delight have taken here,
When I return to make my jewels up.

Still some to evade the monster's dart,
Most vainly strove. And plain the reason why.
They ever had despised his holy law,
And in the mammon of this world their hearts
Were wholly placed. Delighted they in mirth,
And sought no other bliss than worldly gain.

Ungrateful man, not once to heaven his eyes
Were raised, nor in his heart one thankful thought
Arose, to God who made and him preserved.
He loved his maker not ; and now these words.
These awful words, sounded, with terror dread,
In his most guilty ear, “Into the hands
Of God—the living God,” “a fearful thing
It is to fall.” And gladly would he now
His presence fly, but ah ! his doom is fixed ;
For the eternal mandate has gone forth,
Nor man, nor flower, nor any living thing,
Can it evade. ’Twas by Jehovah spoken,
By him ’twill be fulfilled. “For dust thou art,”
Said he, “and unto dust thou must return.”

DEATH OF THE FIRST BORN.

At midnight rose the proud Egyptian King,
And in deep meditation trembling sat.

Far, from his downy couch repose had fled ;
And hate and fear, were both, alternate now,
Rankling within the haughty Monarch's breast.
Hard as the adamant his heart still seemed.
Unwilling he, to let the chosen race,
Which long in cruel bondage had remained,
Groaning beneath the weight of burdens,
Go forth, to sacrifice to Israels' God.

Wonders, most dread and awful, had been wrought
Before his eyes, him to convince ; wonders
Which none but God could do ; but yet his heart
Remained unmoved. He sat in silence wrapt,
When lo ! a piercing cry his ear did reach,
Which of the deepest grief or anguish told.
He, trembling, 'rose, anxious to know from whence
Those doleful sounds ; and sought the chamber where
His son, his eldest born alone did rest.
He oped the door, and what a shocking sight ;
There, stretched upon the bed lay him he sought.
But O ! how changed. Life's flowing blood stood still—
His eyes were fixed in ghastly, frightful death !
He stooped and quickly raised his smitten child.
Oh ! my son, my beauteous, lovely boy ;
Hadst thou but lived to sit upon my throne—
The royal Sceptre swayed.—His cries were stopped,

For lo ! the sound of Death ! Death ! Death arose
From lordly mansions, and the humble tent !
From all—save those whose signal lintels told ;
The Hebrew stood within, bent o'er his staff,
Eating with *bitter herbs* the Paschal Lamb.
These alone, the *destroying angel* passed,
When on the proud Egyptian race, those plagues—
Those awful plagues, the great Jehovah sent.

That night, the aged parents stood in tears ;
Wailing o'er him, who was their only son ;
Their hope and comfort in declining years.
There, too, the blooming mother sat, childless,
And widowed. Her cries most doleful were,
The loved companion of her youthful heart
Had ceased to breathe ! Her lovely infant, too,
Without a groan, had sunk in silent death.
Bereaved one ; alone, she now remains,
And frantic seems with grief. Sad sight indeed !
But see, ah ! yonder sits the lovely bride,
Whom, yester-morn the bright and happy groom,
To the hymeneal altar led. Her heart
Is filled with bitter pangs ; for him she loved
Could not escape the mighty angel's power.
Their new and happy dwelling he approached,
And with an icy finger touched his form,
Death seized his prey, and stilled his throbbing heart.

The maniac, too, that in the dungeon
Sat, raving through the gloomy night, or passed

The live-long day in piteous moanings,
And howling cries ; had calmly laid him down,
And when the keeper came to give him food,
Silent and cold in death he lay.

A solemn gloom the land o'erspread. A gloom,
That rested, too, on every trembling heart.
For all in mourning stood that fatal night,
And each in tears upon the other looked
As if they soon a prey to death would fall.—
Meanwhile the Israelites, with goodly spoils,
For their departure quick prepared, and through
The parted waves, triumphant took their way.

THE PIOUS MAID.

I SAW her pass, and thought a pensive gloom
Sat on her face. Her eyes were downwards cast,—
Her lily hands were folded on her breast.

All unobserved, I watched her gentle steps,
And saw her trace the windings of a rill ;
Until her lovely form was almost hid
By the green branches of some waving trees.

Awhile she stood, with tearful, downcast eyes,
Then humbly knelt beside the noiseless stream.
Her sparkling eyes were now to heav'n upraised,
And down her cheeks fast rolled the pearly drops.

It was not for herself alone, that she

This place had sought. But 'twas for him she loved.
'Twas for an absent friend, that there in tears,
She prayed and wrestled with her blessed God.

Oh Lord ! protect the noble youth, she cried,
And save him from the tempter's fatal snares ;—
The pious maid, then gently bowed her head,
And there, alone, in converse with her God,
Communion, sweet and solemn, long did hold.

She rose, but not in tears ; a smile of joy
Lit up her calm and lovely face ; and she,
Methought, did say, “ I know I shall prevail,
If Jacob-like, I wrestle with my God.”

THE ORANGE FLOWER.

SWEET germ of sunny bowers,
Too frail for northern ground ;
Where cold Autumnal showers,
And winter sweeps around.

But in thy native forest,
Beneath a tropic sky ;
Thy glossy leaf will flourish,
Thy purest blossoms lie.

There in thy pristine beauty,
The opening flowers expand,—
And golden fruit so pulpy
With buds most thickly stand.

Well may the lovely bride seek,
E'en in this clime of ours,
To hide her rosy blushing cheek,
Beneath the Orange flowers.

LINES

AFFECTIONATELY ADDRESSED TO MY BROTHER IN ILLINOIS, ON THE SUDDEN
DEATH OF HIS LAST AND ONLY CHILD.

AGAIN my smitten brother weeps,—
Again my sister dear,
Her sad and lonely vigil keeps,
And wipes the scalding tear.

Upon their breast a budding rose
Was opening fresh and fair;
Each day its petals did disclose
New beauties, rich and rare.

No flower in all that prairie wild,
In nature's fullest bloom,
Could emulate that budding child,
Or shed such sweet perfume.

But oh ! that Prattling voice is hushed,
Which filled the house with joy ;
In one short hour that bud is crushed,—
Thy precious, darling boy.

Transplanted now to that bright shore,
Where gems immortal form
A coronet, which evermore,
Thy Saviour will adorn.

There, let it sparkle on His brow,
Who kindly took thy child
From this cold soil of pain and woe,
Ere sin its heart beguiled.

I know thou wouldest not take again
The jewels thou has given,
And dim the Saviour's diadem
That lights the throne of heaven.

A DREAM OF THE FOUNTAIN OF PLEASURE.

In fancy I stood by a sweet placid stream,
Where Cynthia reflected in beauty was seen.
A train of bright gems in rapture she led,
And shone in full splendor on the deep crystal bed.

The train was dispersed—a murmur arose
From that fountain where pleasure had sought repose,
In an instant the goddess arose from the wave,
And beckoned me near my temples to lave.

Then down in the stream the water beneath
She hastily wove a bright coral wreath,
And loudly exclaimed as she waved it full high,
“Come hither fond youth its virtues now try.”

A moment I gazed—then hastened to gain
That treasure, I long had sought to obtain ;
My hand was extended, she sank from my view,
And far from my feet the treasure she threw.



TO MR. AND MRS. S—,

ON THE DEATH OF A LOVELY DAUGHTER.

WHEN spring's early flowers in beauty are blooming,
And shedding their fragrance abroad,
How sad, if the dreary north wind is entombing,
The fairest around our abode.

And thus, we oft wonder, when death the destroyer,
Approaches the dwelling of love,
And from the dear circle—the fairest—in sorrow
Bears up to the garden above.

The tears of affection the pillow will moisten,
And silently fall on the grave ;
Though faith sees reclining on Jesus' own bosom,
The dear one their tears could not save.

We know in those mansions no rude winds are blowing,
Nor clouds of affliction arise ;
But sweeter and fairer the landscape is growing,
For sin never blighted those skies.

Dear Antoinette's early affections were given
To Jesus, in life's rosy morn ;
And angels stooped gently, and took her to heaven,
A star his fair brow to adorn.

Then peacefully rest thee, thy warfare is ended,
Full soon thy short journey was o'er ;
And with the bright seraphs in rapture is blended,
The songs thou wilt sing evermore.



THE SUMMER ROSE.

OUR life is like a summer rose,
That opes at dawn of day,
But ere night curtains our repose,
It fades, or dies away.

Can nature with ten thousand charms
To us one zest impart ?
When pain, or sick'ning fear alarms,
Or sorrows pierce the heart.

'Tis not from earth, our comfort springs ;
 But heaven—a higher sphere ;
There's nought in sublunary things,
 Can give *true* pleasure here.

But oh ! there is a *brighter* sky
 Where *fadeless* roses bloom,
Where joys unsullied never die ;
 Beyond, *beyond* the tomb.

FOR AN ALBUM.

Go, little book, from friend to friend,
 And a memento claim ;
Ask from affection's gentle hand,
 The tribute of a name.

Time's rapid flight will leave unchanged,
 These autographs so dear ;
Which love so kindly has arranged,
 And penned with pleasure here.

And bending o'er some favorite page,
 Thou may'st when years have fled ;
Thy rising grief in tears assuage,
 For loved-ones with the dead.

But oh ! if Jesus' dying love
Has cleansed the heart from sin ;
Kind friends again shall meet above,
And crowns immortal win.



THE HOME ABOVE.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God."—BIBLE.

Oh ! is there a spot in the wide, wide world,
Where the weary and stricken may gain
A respite from storms that rudely are hurled
On the bosom still smarting with pain ?
Oh ! if there 's a spot where sorrows ne'er come,
I'll hasten to find it and make it my home.

Oh ! is there no isle on the blue ocean's breast,
Where the invalid's head may repose,
And quietly slumber or peacefully rest,
Inhaling the breath of the rose ?
I long for some spot where sorrows ne'er come,
And could I but find it I 'd make it my home.

Why, why are we searching ? No mortal e'er found
A place on this sin-stricken earth ;
But Satan's foul breath spreads anguish around,
And tears wet the bosom of mirth !
Ah ! vain is the effort, and sadly we roam,
In search of that haven—*Earth is not our home.*

But in the blest volume of truth we are told
 Of mansions, where sorrows ne'er come,
No sin ever entered the door of that fold,
 And death's cruel scythe is unhung.
Beyond the bright stars that twinkle above,
By faith may we look to those mansions of love.

There, there is the spot where the weary may rest—
 'Tis the haven my soul would obtain ;
The *home* of the pure—the *home* of the blest ;
 Where Jesus, the Lamb that was slain,
In fulness of glory, exults in His love ;
Oh ! there is *my home*, in those *mansions above !*

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

WRITTEN AFTER RECEIVING A VISIT FROM A LONG ABSENT BROTHER.

We have met and we have parted,
 Joy, by tears is chased away,
Golden hours, too soon departed,
 Oh how transient pleasure's sway !

I have lived my childhood over,
 Chased the butterflies again ;
Been with thee a happy rover,
 On the mountain and the plain.

I have pillow'd on my bosom,
 Joyfully thy infant head ;
Plucked again the fragrant blossom
 To adorn thy sleeping bed.

Childhood's happy hours sped sweetly,
 Youth's bright days were quickly passed—
Manhood's prime is passing fleetly,
 We shall reach the goal at last.

Sorrow's blight has crushed our ardor ;
 Sad afflictions wrung the heart ;
Buds have opened in love's arbor,
 But to cheer us and depart.

Ah, my dear and much-loved brother,
 Earth is not our place of rest ;
Glorious hope points to another—
 'Tis the mansions of the blest.

Oh, that we may clasp each other,
 On those verdant hills above ;
When earth's parting scenes are over,
 Filled with holier, sweeter love.

THE BIBLE SAVED.

A FIRE recently occurred in our city, when several stores and dwellings were leveled to the ground. The fire was discovered about 1 o'clock at night, while the occupants were wrapt in slumber, and owing to the combustible material, the flames spread with great rapidity. Several families barely escaped in their night-clothes; and one individual perished in the flames. One father had succeeded in removing his family and some few things from the devouring element; when his little son exclaimed, "father, have you got the Bible?" No, my dear, was the reply. "Oh, father, do save the Bible." The father rushed through the flames, and soon returned with the precious book, which he presented to his darling child, who clasped it in his arms and kissed it, while the tears ran down his little cheeks. Dear child, the book was saved; and oh, may its precious truths be the means of saving thee and many others, from that more fearful place, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

THE curling smoke ascended high,
While the crackling flames arose;
And threatened inmates, shriek and cry,
As they start from their repose.

Half frantic through the scorching heat,
Loved ones with their children haste;
And safely reached the crowded street,
Where they wept with fond embrace.

"Oh, have you, pa, the Bible got?"
Cried a child with trembling voice,
"Or does it in the ruins lie,
The book of my early choice !

"Do save it, pa," and through the flames,
The undaunted father flew;
And from the smoking ruins came,
With the Bible good as new.

The dear boy pressed it to his heart,
While he fondly kissed it o'er ;
And tears more freely now did start,
As he viewed his precious store.

Sweet child ! e'er prize this blessed book,
'Tis the Christian's guide to heaven ;
And here for comfort thou may'st look,
When the ties of earth are riven.

Yes, when the fiercer flames ascend,
And deluge this earth and sky ;
God will his own bright angels send,
And take his people on high.



THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

The following lines were occasioned by visiting the place of my nativity
a few days since.

AH ! 'tis my own dear native land,
With tearful eyes again I view ;
That mountain range so nobly grand,
Tinged with pale autumn's golden hue.

Dear native spot ! Thou look'st the same
As when, in childhood's happy pride,
I bounded forth o'er hill and dale,
To climb yon mountain's rugged side.

In dreams how oft do I retrace
My native haunts of childish glee ;
And clasp, in fancy's wild embrace,
Kind friends, which now no more I see.

But oh ! I'll seek the clay-cold bed,
Which hides their bodies from my sight ;
And weep o'er joys forever fled,
As memory points to past delight.

Then faith shall mount that blissful shore,
Where kindred friends adoring meet ;
Recounting all their suffering o'er,
And lay their crowns at Jesus' feet.

THE BEST FRIEND.

ELLIE and shall I write my name,
First in this book of thine ?
Some dearer friend the task might claim,
Pray then shall it be mine ?

Since 'tis thy wish it shall be so,
But first *one precious* truth
On this fair page, please let me throw,
To cheer thee in thy youth.

A friend—nay many friends thou hast,
And this is very sweet ;

But One, whose friendship ever lasts,
Canst thou with rapture greet ?

Christ is a friend, whose love is pure,
And sheds immortal bloom ;
Its fragrance will through time endure,
And live beyond the tomb.

Come then, on this kind friend bestow
Thy young and trusting heart ;
His love will cheer thee here below,
And heaven new bliss impart.



AUTUMNAL BREATHINGS.

THERE is a sacred pleasure,
When Summer flowers depart ;
Though Autumn's golden treasure
Lies heaped upon the heart.
We feel the gloom 'tis so profound,
It broods above, beneath, around.

The tiny bud that struggles,
To greet the noon-day sun ;
Scarce opes its fading petals,
Ere evening shadows come ;
Night's freezing breath then sweeps the bower,
And prostrate lays the *last lone flower*.

A holy awe comes o'er me,
When in the woody grove ;
I spread the leaves before me,—
Those leaves I once did love ;
All faded, withered now and sear,
'Mid other wrecks, on time's sad bier.

The frost-king sits as monarch,
Upon his icy throne ;
And over nature triumphs,
His will supreme alone ;
He moves with cold relentless hand,
And conquers with his chilling wand.

So fades each bud and blossom,—
Earth doffs her robe of green ;
And on her wintry bosom,
The robe of death is seen ;
And nature weeps, but stands aghast,
Her tears are frozen by the blast.

But Spring's mild breath shall waken,
The early flowers again ;
And forests rudely shaken,
Put off their icy chain ;
And stand with verdure clothed anew,
And drink again the morning dew.

So shall the body moulder,
Beneath the clayey sod ;

Till Gabriel breaks the slumber,
And takes it up to God.
Then clothed afresh, with grace divine,
In peerless robes the saints shall shine.

THE AMERICAN SAILOR AND THE BIRDS.

My pretty birds, who 'll buy ? who 'll buy ?
No brighter plumes e'er met the eye,—
And sweeter notes were never heard
Chaunted by any little bird.

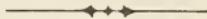
Who 'll buy ? Who 'll buy ? Sir, will you not ?
They 'll chase your cares, if cares you 've got ;
And be quite happy, sir, you know,
To share the bounty you bestow.

Come, generous sailor, pray take one,
Say sixpence, and the bargain's done—
He 'll charm you with his pretty words—
Come, take the choicest of my birds.

The freeborn sailor viewed them o'er,
While thus he stood on foreign shore ;
Then spoke, amidst his flowing tears—
“ I 've been a pris'ner, too, for years.

"By stranger hands I have been fed,
And eat alone my loathsome bread—
So I will set these captives free,
I know the joys of Liberty."

Abash'd and with a downcast look,
The proffered boon the seller took :
And soon the captives sung on high,
Their notes of freedom through the sky.



THE LAST SMILE.

I saw a happy mother press
Her baby to her heart,
And then bestow the fond caress
A mother can impart.
And when I saw her lips repose
Upon its soft warm cheek
More sweet than morning's opening rose
Where bees rich nectar seek ;

I thought of my dear Judson's smile,
The last bestowed on me,
And down my face the tears the while
Were coursing fast and free.
And though by faith my eyes had seen
The bright celestial band,
His spirit bear through yon blue sheen
Up to that better land.

When with sweet smiles of holy love
 Beside the pearly gate
 To welcome him to joys above
 His brother* did await ;
 Then safely lead him to the throne,
 To join that ceaseless song,
 Where Christ my darling babe did crown,
 Amidst the happy throng.

And though my smitten, bleeding heart,
 Lost in the will of God,
 Had sought the balm Heaven can impart
 And bowed beneath the rod ;
 I could but wish that I once more
 Might clasp my angel boy,
 I felt I 'd kiss him o'er and o'er,
 With more than mortal joy.

LINES

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING A BRIGHT YELLOW FLOWER, A SPECIES OF EVER-LASTING, FROM A MISSISSIPPI FRIEND IN SOUTH AFRICA. I HAVE STYLED IT THE AFRICAN EVERLASTING—EMBLEM OF CHRISTIAN LOVE.

On sable Afric's sunny plain
 A flower in beauty stood,
 Nursed by the dews and gentle rain,
 Sent by the hand of God.

* My former lost one.

Each morn its golden leaves were spread,
To greet the rising sun ;
And heavenward fragrant odors sped,
A boon for blessings won.

A kindred spirit, who had sought
That land of doubt and gloom,
To bear the message Jesus brought
For Ethiopia's sons,

First saw its opening beauty start,
And felt its magic power ;
Then plucked and laid upon her heart
That lovely yellow flower.

And brighter through her flowing tears
Its golden petals shone ;
She thought of friends her heart revered,
Of kindred, and of home.

Go, little gem, said she, and cheer
One heart by sorrow riven ;
A message to her spirit bear,
Of hope, of joy, and heaven.

And o'er the foaming, raging deep,
On tossing waves it flew ;
A sacred charge it had to keep,
The Christian's love in view.

Bright Everlasting ! Starry flower,
Like diadems above ;
Thrice welcome here, I own thy power,
Emblem of Christian love.

Dear friend, toil on in heathen lands,
Rest on His precious word ;
Till Ethiopia's sable hands
Stretch forth in praise to God.

Then, in heaven's own resplendent bowers,
May we the parted meet,
Where sweeter amaranthine flowers
Adorn that blest retreat,

FOR AN ALBUM.

If o'er this book thy form should bend,
When many years have fled,
Perchance you 'll meet some much-loved friend
Who slumbers with the dead.

Past scenes thy memory will retrace,
As much-loved names appear ;
Perhaps a mother's fond embrace,
A sister's parting tear.

'T is meet to cherish thoughts of those
Who shared thy infant smiles,
Or strove to soothe thy little woes,
And every care beguile.

And then what joy to look above,
Where kindred spirits meet !
If fraught with Jesus' dying love,
Reunion will be sweet.

THE BROKEN VOW.

I REMEMBER when he pressed me, in anguish to his heart,
And how fondly he caressed me, when he said that we
must part ;
And we vowed that nought should sever, but death, the
tender tie
That bound us to each other, beneath the moonlit sky.

I remember well love's token, he sent across the sea ;
But oh, my vows were broken, its charms were lost to
me,
For flatt'ring lips had won me, and wealth lay at my
feet ;
Bright jewels sparkled on me, ah ! then how could I
weep ?

A twelve-month passed too quickly, and then again we met;

I stood at hymen's altar, but oh! I'll ne'er forget
The look he cast upon me, 't was not of bitter scorn,
He wildly gazed around me, then passed in silence on.

Years fled—I stood in sorrow, beside a maniac's cell ;
I heard him say, "they wronged her, I know she loved
me well,

When our parting words were spoken, beneath the moon-
lit tree,

They said her vows were broken, but oh! it ne'er could
be."

He turned and gazed with wonder, upon my tearful eye,
Then tore his chains asunder, and said with piercing cry,
"I knew that you would meet me, my sweet angelic
dove,

Come rest upon my bosom, 't is throbbing still with
love."

They bore me from his presence, but oh! my heart was
broke;

I breathed not to my husband, the truth the maniac
spoke ;

But well did I remember, the anguish of his heart,
When he wept upon my bosom, and said " 't is sad to
part."

AN EMBLEM.

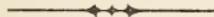
I SAW a Tree, 't was young and fair,
And reared its head with modest care ;
The opening blossoms fragrance threw—
Its tender leaves were wet with dew—
And as the sun displayed his light
A thousand hues burst on my sight.

Jovial and sweet the boughs among
The morning birds in rapture sung,
'Till golden plumes bore them away,
Repeating still their joyful lay :
And as they fled, I said *that Tree*
An emblem of my life shall be.

I viewed it o'er and o'er each morn,
And O ! I feared the coming storm
Lest from its trunk the whirlwind's blast
Might some dear bough at random cast ;
Or pelting rains those beauties harm,
Divesting it of every charm.

But soon, alas ! its robe so gay
Was slightly tinged with slow decay ;
I ween, the unconscious worm had found
Some tender root beneath the ground ;
And long had revelled there unseen,
Beneath the turf of lovely green.

Beside that tree I sat me down
And wept that one so fair was found,
With withered trunk, and faded form,
In summer's bloom, in youth's bright morn.
And O ! alas, my dreams of bliss,
Were transient too, allied to this.



THE ORPHAN.

[Written in an Album, opposite an engraving representing a little girl, with a basket of flowers, sitting by the side of an aged tree in a grave-yard, weeping.]

ALONE, beside that aged tree,
Where roses sweetly bloom,
Methinks an orphan-child I see
Close by a mother's tomb.

There, too, perchance a father sleeps,
Who breathed his dying prayer,
That God, for Jesus' sake, would keep
His child from Satan's snare.

Well may she weep, if parents dear,
Are 'neath that grassy bed ;
And *she* a lonely wanderer here,
This thorny maze to tread.

But dry those tears, for God will be
The lonely orphan's friend ;
If *thou* to Him for aid will flee,
His mercy He'll extend.

He'll guide you by his holy word,
Where fairer roses bloom ;
Amidst the garden of the Lord,
Far from the silent tomb.

TO A FRIEND.

Oh bid me not my thoughts to seal
Or keep within this breast,—
To impart to thee half what I feel,
Would make me doubly blest.

For O ! I look with pleasure back
On many a joyful scene,
But find none in my wayward track
So sweet as ours have been.

To think of thee—of joys gone by,
Endears thee more and more,
Makes present hours more swiftly fly,
Though much thy absence I deplore.

Then O ! let fond affection's chain
More firmly bind each heart
And every tender tie remain
Unshaken, though awhile we part.

IMMANUEL, GOD WITH US.

God with us,—Immanuel here,
Transporting thought ! what words to cheer,
If pilgrims walking through life's maze,
Acknowledge him in all their ways,
He will direct their steps aright,
And guide to realms of purer light.

Art thou a creature here oppress'd ?
Do pains and sorrows rend thy breast ?
Or floods and flames thy path enthrall ?
Arise, and on thy Saviour call—
From trouble, He to free thee came,
And thou shalt praise his holy name.

In dark temptation's fearful hour,
He is thy shield and thy strong tower ;
In that he suffered here below,
He feels with us the tempter's blow ;
And able is he to defend,
For he is an Almighty friend.

And dost thou feel how poor thou art ?
Thy God still bears thee on his heart ;
Thou may'st be little and unknown,
But he will ne'er a child disown ;
As gems of love thy name shall stand,
Engraven on his own right hand.

When through rough scenes thy path shall lie,
Pray to thy God, He still is nigh ;
All things together work for good,
To those who love the path he trod,
And when the vale of death is near,
Hid rod and staff thy heart shall cheer.

And when the grave for thee shall ope,
Thy body still shall rest in hope :
For in his book thy members stand,
All written by his faithful hand ;
And when the last loud trump shall sound,
Thy scattered dust shall all be found.

Oh ! glorious thought, the saints shall rise
In spotless robes and mount the skies ;
And 'round the throne with rapture tell,
The wonders of Immanuel.
There, God with us, still is the theme,
Forever more, amen ! amen !

A MORNING IN MAY;

OR LINES TO A LADY IN REMEMBRANCE OF HER WEDDING DAY.

"The air was fragrance, and the world was love."

'TWAS morn, and nature dressed in May
Profusely smiled, and all was gay.
Each verdant plant adoring stood,
While music woke the waving wood.

In mazy windings through the glade,
The murmuring rill in beauty played ;
And bending o'er that rolling stream,
The violet dipped its leaves of green.

High in the heaven's, in silence sweet,
The mist arose light clouds to meet ;
And sparkling in the morning sun,
Around, the flowers their fragrance flung.

The lovely earth rejoicing lay,
As Sol's bright beams led on the day ;
And rising from their sleeping bed,
The fragrant zephyrs gently sped.

That morn, all pleasure could impart,
Each note with rapture filled thy heart ;
Delightful all, and decked in charms.
As nature lay in Flora's arms.

THE CONTRAST;

OR, LINES TO THE SAME ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

“ Vegetation lay mouldering in decay.
And nature in silence mourned.”

’T WAS eve, the cold autumnal blast,
O’er hill and dale in moanings passed ;
And far o’er sea, to isles unknown,
The summer-birds away had flown.

Barren, the trees their branches reared,
Save where some golden leaves appeared ;
Trembling in twilight’s dusky veil,
Or bowed before the sighing gale.

Throwing her light with trembling glance,
O’er dying nature’s wild expanse ;
Pale Cynthia in the east was seen,
Emerging with her silvery sheen.

Arising from their sleeping beds,
Dark folding clouds disclosed their heads ;
Contending as their peaks they reared,
’Till all a solemn gloom appeared.

That eve, what pleasure could impart ?
What cheer thy lonely bleeding heart ?
How gloomy all ! bereft of charms,
As nature lay in sorrow’s arms !

"HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."

LINES SUGGESTED BY A SERMON OF REV. J. R. STONE, IN WHICH HE
REFERRED TO THE LAST WORDS AND TRIUMPHANT
DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

I HEARD a voice from the couch of woe,
Where a mother's heart was yearning,
With love which none but mothers know,
As their souls to heaven are turning.

"He doeth all things well," she said,
I 'll leave each precious blossom,
And sweetly rest my dying head
Upon his gracious bosom.

These ties which bound my spirit here—
These rose-buds God hath given,
I 've cherished with a mother's care,
But now these ties are riven.

Ah! yes, "He doeth all things well,"
His grace my soul sustaineth ;
And though death's billows round me swell,
I feel my Jesus reigneth.

In triumph soon my soul shall rise,
And soar on heavenly pinions ;
And far above these lowering skies,
I 'll range those wide dominions.

There Jesus “doeth all things well,”
For sin and death can never
With grief those happy bosoms swell,
Or kindred spirits sever.

But God shall wipe all tears away,
And when, through countless ages,
I’ve praised him in that bright array,
I’ve just begun his praises.

DEATH.

THE ties of love, death heedeth not—
Nor helpless orphan’s tear,
Or frantic widow’s grief can stop
Him in his sad career.

No place, no circumstance can turn
His fated shaft aside ;
The hapless groom is left to mourn
His lovely angel bride.

The palace groans at his approach,
Unlocks its stately door ;
The mother on her gilded couch
Looks up, and breathes no more.

And in the gloomy hut of wo,
Mid crumbling ruins, where
Pale want sits brooding, still and slow,
He steals in silence there.

Trembling in rags and sorrow, lies
The victim of his search ;
The pulse is stilled, the arrow flies,
And death is on the march.

'T was ever thus, since Cain's vile blow
Was felt near Eden's gate ;
Man sips his pleasure, tastes his wo,
And death seals up his fate.



THE CALM OF DEATH.

COME, clasp those hands so meekly,
Upon that calm, still breast ;
And close those eyes so gently,
Those weary eyes need rest.

And part those damp locks over
That cold white marble brow;
Care never there can hover,
Or light upon it now.

Closed is that ear for ever,
Which kindness sweetly stirred ;
Or felt a pang, if ever
Vile calumny was heard.

Those lips are sealed to pleasure,
That gave the tender kiss,—
That voice is hushed for ever,
That spoke a mother's bliss.

Earth, open now thy bosom,
And let the weary sleep ;
Since all thy ties are riven,
This precious casket keep.

O, if these links thus broken,
In darkness ever lie ;
When love's last word is spoken,
'T were *more than death* to die.

But faith and hope are given,
The Christian's heart to cheer ;
And *these* look up to heaven,
Where darkness disappears.

There, stronger ties are twining,
And love's eternal chain
In purer links is binding
The loved, who meet again.

A DREAM OF CHILDHOOD.

MOTHER ! why is that pearly tear
Within your downcast eye ?
And why that heavy sigh I hear ?
Dear mother, tell me why.

Say, what has made your gentle heart
To throb with silent grief ?
Mother, the cause to me impart,
Perhaps 't will give relief.

“ ‘Twas busy mem’ry, child, that brought
The mist into my eye ;—
A summer cloud with pleasure fraught
That passed too quickly by.

I stood again with tiny feet,
Beside my father’s door ;
Where I those blissful joys did meet,
I feasted on of yore.

It was a bright and sunny morn,
The busy bees were out ;
And I, adown the verdant lawn,
Was frolicking about.

And then I traced a narrow walk,
That through the garden led ;
And beauteous flowers on every stalk,
Around their fragrance shed.

Night's dewy breath in its career
Had kissed each opening bud ;
And in each sparkling cup a tear
Of balmy sweetness stood.

Beside the rose, rich with perfume,
I laid me down so still ;
For there the humming-bird had come,
His slender beak to fill.

Well poised on noisy wing he sipped
From each the honey dew ;
His dress was green, but richly tipped
With gold and azure blue.

And next I crossed the little stream,
Just at the garden gate,
Which sparkled in each radiant beam,
And seemed with joy elate.

Then up the grassy green hill-side
I hasted with delight ;
And viewed the landscape spreading wide,
Magnificent and bright.

Down in the vale so humbly stood
My once dear quiet home,
Embowered amidst the shady wood
Of apple, peach, and plum.

And while I gazed, that lovely place
A paradise did seem ;
And angels there with joy might trace
The beauties of that dream.

Then wonder not, my daughter dear,
When scenes like these are nigh,
That thou shouldst see thy mother's tear,
Or hear the heavy sigh."

ANTICIPATION.

WHAT pleasure will pervade the breast,
When hope presents anew
The prospect of an absent guest,
Returning to our view.

When hearts again in love can meet,
And friendly hands be pressed ;
And their fond lips each other greet,
And fears be lulled to rest.

How sweetly Time will pass away,
When souls are blessed so dear ;
And leave behind its cheering ray,
In hearts that are sincere.

SABBATH AND SANCTUARY PRIVILEGES
LAMENTED.

THE Sabbath bell, the Sabbath bell,
Its tones I love to hear,—
Though of departed joys the knell,
It brings to mem’ry dear
The thought of hours when I could sit.
And worship at my Saviour’s feet.

Those happy days, those happy days,
With all their joys have fled ;
And ne’er again with songs of praise
Shall I his temple tread,
Or bow with those who worship there,
To offer up the grateful prayer.

Thy holy courts, thy holy courts,
O Zion, still are dear ;
There my best friends with joy resort,
To worship in God’s fear :
But ne’er again my weary feet
Shall bear me to that blest retreat.

A brighter day, a brighter day
On me will shortly dawn ;
Where one effulgent holy ray
Lights up that Sabbath morn,
With glory brighter than the sun,
And lasting as my Father’s throne.

No sickness there, no sickness there
Shall waste my feeble frame ;
No blighting storms of sin or care
Reach that supernal plain,
Where glorious mansions closely stand,
Prepared long since by God's own hand.

Oh ! happy place, oh ! happy place !
My soul, why cling to earth ?
O Jesus, grant sufficient grace,
Then send thy summons forth,
And take thy weary child above,
Where all is rest, where all is love.

MY FRIEND.

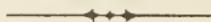
My friend, though far thy steps have strayed
From scenes of childhood's early day ;
And thou in other parts hast made
Thy home, thy love is far away.

Do not thy thoughts oft fondly trace,
My native haunts of peace and joy ?
And tell me neither time nor space,
The bond of love can e'er destroy ?

Though gay Manhattan belles appear,
To them no tie thy heart shall bind ;
But fondly wilt thou e'er revere,
Those warm affections left behind.

Thus bound to each by love's strong ties,
Shall friendship's true-born feelings blend ;
And teach our tender hearts to prize,
And call each other Lover, Friend,

When through fine streets thy footsteps roam ;
Ah ! hither dost thy heart expand ?
She, whom thou lovest, perhaps, at home
Alone, far in her native land.



MY SPINNING-WHEEL.

Ah ! well, do I remember,
How happy I did feel,
When twining threads so slender,
Upon my *spinning-wheel*.

The flax all soft and silky,
Was on the *distaff wound* ;
Then by a *crank* so swiftly,
The *spokes* went whirling round,

A *spool* within the *flyers*,
The silver threads retain ;
Till full, up to the *wires*,
Then off, I *reeled* my skein.

The *wheel* with music ringing,
Oft made my heart rejoice ;
I spent the day in singing,
With sweet and cheerful voice.

THE BEGGAR.

MOTHER, there is a beggar,
Beside our mansion door ;
His face by Time is wrinkled,
His head is silvered o'er.

His tattered clothes declare him,
Of home and friends bereft ;
Oh ! may I kindly bear him,
The fragments we have left ?

Nay, son, but bid him enter,
Methinks I can discern
The hand than once did shelter
Your mother from the storm.

'T was when the snow blew wildly,
 Across the Highland moor,
A lone, lost child, so kindly
 He took to his own door.

" Yes, Lady," said he, weeping,
 "I then had home and friends ;
But now my heart is breaking,
 My form with sorrow bends.

" Misfortunes came upon me,
 My children all are gone !
And cruel hands have wronged me,
 And grasped my happy home.

" Now I 've no roof to shelter
 My locks so white and thin ;
And no fond loving daughter,
 To keep my garments clean."

Come in sir, said she, smiling,
 Though tears were falling fast ;
God sent you to my dwelling,
 I 'll screen you from the blast.

You saved a helpless orphan,
 Once on the trackless moor ;
She lives ! thank heaven, to welcome
 The shepherd to her door.

THE TWO GIVERS.

BESIDE the Treasury of God,
A man in rich apparel stood ;
Watched by the gazing multitude.

Each generous heart, with rapture glowed,
As he the bounteous gifts bestowed,
And to the world his offering showed.

Rewarded thus, 't was all he sought,
For this, the shining dust he brought ;
Nor for God's glory cared he aught.

Next, smiling through her tears, there came
A feeble child, with trembling frame,
And laid a penny by the same.

God did her holy gift accept,
And angels there, a record kept
Of *this*, and tears the child had wept.

Perfumed with many prayers that day,
Her precious gift she bore away,
To guide some soul in wisdom's way.

God blessed the child, and owned her mite,
'Twas all she had, and with delight
She bowed again in prayer that night.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

OUR own dear friends, with others,
Have sought the western wilds,
Our sisters and our brothers,
With whom we 've wept and smiled.

Imagination views them,
As dawns God's holy day,
Turn towards their father's dwelling
And wipe their tears away.

Bright visions round are stealing,
And Zion's courts arise,
The Sabbath bell is pealing
Up through the vaulted skies.

And old familiar faces,
With whom they did repair
To God's most holy temple,
Are gathering round them there.

They hear their happy voices,
And list the joyful strain,
But as their heart rejoices
They wipe their tears again.

For lo, the spell is broken
That bound them to the spot,
And each familiar token
That mem'ry round had brought.

But still the blessed promise,
Bears up the fainting heart,
God's holy word shall triumph,
And light divine impart.

For He hath said, the desert,
Shall yet his glory share,
And Sharon's rose shall flourish
And shed its fragrance there.

MY BOUQUET.

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

How very kind to think of one
Who loves the faintest gleam
Of nature, when the smiling sun
Makes all so radiant seem.

To think, and then with friendship's hand,
So tastefully display
The fairy buds, which closely stand
In this, my sweet bouquet.

I trace their beauties and admire,
Each tint of varied hue;
And wonder if the eye could tire
With charms like these in view.

And though their fragrance others move
With such exquisite power ;
I wonder which they most can love,
The perfume or the flower.

Delicious joys ! I once claimed both,
And revelled like the bee
Amidst the bowers when Summer's birth
Such sweetness brought to me.

But sad disease, *this sense* acute
Has blunted—nay, destroyed.
Since then, the breath of flowers is mute,
Their fragrance unenjoyed.

But oh ! I love my queenly rose,
I 'll on my bosom place
This, with the humblest gem that blows,
And still God's goodness trace.

He might have made this world less bright,
And clothed the forest bowers ;
And spread the meadows with delight,
Nor spangled them with flowers.

But yet, in kindness, to the heart
In every clime, they 're given
To elevate—and thus impart
To us, the breath of Heaven.

ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE HAWTHORN IN
AUSTRALIA.

On far Australia's golden strand,
A crowd of men have gathered ;
They seem a hardy stalwart band,
Who stormy seas have weathered ;
But what is this that bids them come ?
'T is a flow'ring shrub from youthful home.

It is the Hawthorn kindly brought,
From England's fragrant bowers ;
Thus eagerly these miners sought,
To view their native flowers ;
They wet the tree with many tears,
This early friend of other years.

It seemed endowed with happy speech,
And with unsullied beauty ;
Recalling scenes beyond their reach,
Of home, of love and duty ;
When 'neath the hawthorn's fragrant shade,
Perchance some holy vow was made.

So vividly its beauty rose,
That Scotia stood before them ;
All radiant still the vision grows,
The light of home is o'er them ;
They stand again with happy friends,
And grasp the hand that love extends.

Delicious moments ! then they knelt,
And still with throbbing bosom ;
While such exquisite joy they felt,
They blessed the precious blossom,
That could such happy days restore
And place them on old England's shore.

CHRIST WALKETH ON THE SEA.

“ But He saith unto them, It is I, be not afraid.”—John, vi. 26.

It was a gloomy night. Fearful and loud
The hoarse winds blew, and oft the rolling waves
Swept o'er the little ship that, tossing, rode
Upon the Sea of Galilee.

The “ third watch ” long had passed, and still the twelve
Alone were toiling for the distant shore ;
And oft, perchance, they wished that *He* were there
Whose presence would a solace be, e'en on
The foaming billows of the stormy lake.
And yet, when on the dark and boisterous deep
Their blessed Lord they saw, with steps as firm
As though the rolling waves were adamant,
They feared, until those gracious words, in love,
They heard—those words which even now, when sin's
Still rougher billows swell, can calm the breast—
“ T is I, be not afraid ! ”

TO THE LONE, UNLOVED IN CALIFORNIA.

Ah, do not thus of *all* complain,
Earth has its shade and sun ;—
And you may yet in future claim,
A heart that loves but one.

Oh ! is there not some angel fair,
In that far distant clime ;
Whose bosom may your sorrows share ?—
Haste then and make her thine.

'Tis gentle woman's loving smile,
That makes life's path more bright ;—
Her voice can soothe, if cares the while
Cast round a with'ring blight.

In vain misfortune's darkling ray,
May seek to change her love ;
'T is hers to bow and meekly pray,
For guidance from above.

E'en when no light shines on the road,
By faith she 'll struggle on ;
And nobly bear the pressing load,
And say, " Thy will be done."

Then do not wish so soon to sleep,
In death's cold, damp embrace ;
But *nerve* thy heart, and boldly keep
For sympathy a place.

'Tis true there are some iceberg souls,
Who court the northern blast ;
And if a warmer billow rolls,
They madly let it pass.

With such expect no happiness ;—
But lay thy oft chilled heart
Where love will melt it with a kiss,
And dry the tears that start.

There are some smiling spots on earth,
Though hedged by sorrow in,
Enjoy the one,—profit by both,—
Till brighter climes you win.

THE BETTER LAND.

A CRY is heard from a distant strand—
From California's shore ;
The cry is this—that all the land
Is full of precious ore ;
Millions they say would fail to count,
Or tell to us the vast amount.

This cry has thrilled through many a heart,
And grasping minds have sold
Their earthly store, that they may start
For the place of shining gold ;

Where sunny streams rush through the land,
Washing the banks of golden sand.

But I have heard of a brighter spot,
Where *riches* are that perish not,
And who will for this land prepare
And gather fadeless treasures there ?

No doubts obscure that azure sky,
Nor tears bedim the sparkling eye ;
No want of bread—nor fear of pain
Ere reached this healthful, happy plain.

No toilsome day—nor anxious care
Within those holy mansions are,—
No blighting sin, with with'ring breath,
Ere carried there the sting of death.

This city doth with gates abound,
And each a solid *pearl* is found ;
Its walls are *jasper* clear and bright,
Reflecting rays of holy light.

The streets are fairer than the sun,
In all his splendor of high noon ;
They 're paved with *pure transparent gold*,
And yet not dazzling to behold.

Jewels and *gems* of brighter die
Than ere were seen by mortal eye,
Each shining *diadem* bestud,
And all are “Kings and Priests to God.”

I'd rather know I have a claim
To those bright realms above,
Where saints in harmony shall reign
And feast in Jesu's love ;
Than stand possessed of *all earth's store*,
And roll in wealth till time is o'er.

December, 1848.



ELIJAH ON MOUNT HOREB.

OBEIDENT to the heavenly word
The Prophet went to meet the Lord,
He stood on Horeb's rocky hill,
To hear the Great Jehovah's will.
Nor feared he when the hoarse wind sped
In thunder round his hoary head,
Nor yet when Horeb's ponderous rock
Lay scattered by the earthquake's shock,
Nor did he start when to his gaze,
The mount appeared, a fiery blaze.
But when so sweet, so soft and clear
The "still small voice" fell on his ear,
The entrance of the cave he sought
And 'round his face his mantle brought,
Though conscious 'twas his Father's voice
He felt to tremble and rejoice,
For well he knew that flesh and blood
Could never look on Israel's God.

AN INCIDENT ON BOARD THE STEAMER EMPIRE.

TWILIGHT had gently given
Place to the shades of night;
And friends had said at even,
“Good-bye” till morning light.

The twinkling stars above them,
Shed down their feeble ray;
And through the Hudson’s bosom,
The Empire ploughed her way.

No fears broke on the vision,
Of those in sweet repose;
Till came the dread collision—
Then each, in terror rose.

The scene was most appalling—
Friends for each other cried!
And parents loud were calling,
Their children to their side.

Two lovely babes were sleeping,—
Their frantic mothers start,
And each, half blind with weeping,
Clasped one upon her heart.

And as the noble Steamer,
Sunk gently ’neath the wave,
The hand of mercy bore them
Up from the watery grave.

One, while a kiss bestowing
Upon her rescued child,
And tears of love were flowing,
Shrieked out in accents wild—

“ ’Tis not my own dear baby
I struggled so to keep,
But yours! oh happy lady,
And I am left to weep.”

“ And this,” replied the other,
“ I cannot call my own—
Perhaps you are its mother,
But ah! its life has flown.”

“ It is my death-chilled blossom,
You rescued from the wave;
And I, upon *my bosom*,
Your darling babe did save.”

JESUS WEPT.

TEARS OF SYMPATHY.

AH! those were precious tears the Saviour shed,
When with the mourning sisters he approached
The new-made grave of him they dearly loved,
And by his mighty power warmed into life
And clothed with vigor fresh a brother’s clay.

TEARS OF COMPASSION.

Again on Olivet we see him sit
And weep, as, looking o'er those sacred walls,
He views the desolation soon to come,
And sees his father's house in ruins lie.
In mournful accents now methinks I hear
The Saviour's gracious voice, as thus he cried :
“ Thy children, oh ! Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
How oft would I have gathered to my arms,
But ye would not.”

TEARS OF AGONY.

Next in Gethsemane the voice of prayer
Is wafted on the midnight breeze ; and there,
Prostrate upon the cold, damp ground, lies one
In agony and tears. Tears, too, wrung from
The inmost fountain of a Saviour's soul,
As thus he nerved him for the bitter cup
He, in the sinner's stead, must freely drink.
Oh ! those were precious tears ; so holy, pure,
And good, that angels stood amazed to see,
And consolation to the holy sufferer brought.
As thus I view the spotless Lamb of God
O'erwhelm'd and crush'd beneath the weight of sin,
My sinful heart in deep contrition melts.
And yet those tears alone could never cleanse
The guilty stains that cleave unto my soul.
From Gethsamene, then to Calvary
With joy I turn, and seek that fountain there

Which flowed from out his wounded, bleeding side.
Oh ! blessed Saviour, wash my soul in this,
Thine own atoning, precious, saving blood,
That I, with all the ransomed throng, may sing
The wondrous power of Jesus' dying love,
While countless ages speed their onward flight.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Perhaps no one ever visited the place of his nativity, after an absence of even a few years, without feeling a mingled sensation of joy and sorrow. Although the tear may insensibly steal down the cheek, as the mind reverts to the thousand associations that twine around the haunts of pleasure; still there is an indescribable joy that fills the heart—a something that pen cannot tell, neither pencil portray. While looking abroad upon the beautiful and romantic scenery of my early home, during a recent visit, I penned the following lines. Never, perhaps, in my life did I covet a *poet's gift* so much as I did while feasting my eyes upon this almost enchanting spot. It is a valley, nearly surrounded by mountains and high hills. The one on the east is called the Williamstown Mountain. Through this vale meanders a small rivulet, one of the tributaries of the Hoosac, whose waters mingle with the noble Hudson.

ONCE more I view with fond delight,
The sunny spot of childish glee ;
The verdant hills—their lofty height,
And hear the brook's sweet melody.

I stand and gaze, while down my cheeks
In silence steals the tear ;
For every haunt still loudly speaks
Of bliss with kindred dear.

I listen to the warbling birds,
And think those lovely strains
The same that in these groves I heard,
When first I learned their names.

And on yon graceful mountain top,
That broad full moon I 've seen ;
And thought, if there, I 'd take it up
And roll it o'er the green.

I call to mind the merry shout,
And almost think I stand
With gladsome hearts, to range about
My sweet—my native land.

But oh ! I find not one who shared
With me my infant toys,
Or for my little pleasures cared,
Is here, to tell those joys.

THE FAREWELL FROM THE COTTAGE DOOR.

My easy chair, dear wife, once more,
Place thou beside our cottage door,
Where oft we 've sat and talked of heaven,
And joys which God to us had given,
'Till evening with its mellow light,
Sunk gently in the arms of night.

Ah ! yes, 't is sweet to look once more,
From this my much loved cottage door ;
Our favorite bower neglected stands,
It needs the labor of our hands ;
And every drooping flower I see,
Is but an emblem now of me.

With my dear wife I never more,
Shall look from our loved cottage door.
A last farewell I came to take,
Of hill and dale, and yon sweet lake—
The earth, the sky, the fragrant air,
And all our God has made so fair.

The setting sun with joy before,
I've watched from this, our cottage door,
But now a holy awe I feel,
And down my cheeks the tear-drops steal—
There 's something in a last farewell,
My trembling lips refuse to tell.

But oft, dear wife, our children four,
Shall gather 'round this cottage door.
Then tell them, though their father's dead,
For them he often wept and prayed,
That Christ, his blessed Lord, would be
The orphan's friend, the widow's plea.

And now, farewell ! thou sun afar,
And you, pale moon, and twinkling star !

Farewell, sweet evening's twilight hour !
And thou, my long-neglected bower !
Farewell, loved earth !—a mist creeps o'er
The light around our cottage door.

Farewell, sweet spot ! thy joys were dear,
But now I 'll wipe the last sad tear.—
Come lay me down, hope's waving plumes,
The radiant light of heaven illumes,—
Blest mansions, built on holy ground,
Beyond the starry sky are found ;
There we shall brighter scenes explore,
Than these from our loved cottage door.



A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

COME, sister ! sit beside me,
And raise the window high,
The breeze is now denied me,
That sweeps so gently by.

There, that is quite refreshing,
It cools my fev'rish brow ;
Come, dear, and share the blessing
I am partaking now.

Sister, the God that loves us,
 His mansion has afar,
Beyond that blue above us,
 Or yonder twinkling star.

I've seen His blissful dwelling,
 Dear sister, long ago ;
When sleep was o'er me stealing,
 Just at the morning's glow.

As if on downy pinions,
 I soared up through the sky ;
Until the Hill of Zion,
 Burst on my raptured eye.

The pearly gates were open,
 And, oh ! how close did stand,
In phalanx, all unbroken,
 The happy angel band.

On either side extending,
 As far as eye could trace,
They stood as if to welcome
 A sinner, saved by grace.

The golden bells were pealing,
 And, oh ! each holy chime
New glory seemed revealing
 O'er all that heavenly clime.

I neared those shining portals,
Expecting soon to be
Escorted by the angels,
My blessed Lord to see.

That land of bliss and glory,
So peaceful, calm and bright,
In grandeur lay before me,
Most beautiful to sight.

My soul was filled with rapture,
I thought my conflicts o'er,
And I should range forever
That love-illumined shore.

The thought was so transporting,
I leaped to gain the prize ;—
The effort broke my slumber,
And brought me from the skies.

But, oh ! the vault of heaven,
Could not retain the sound
Those golden bells had given,
It floated still around.

Long had it power to soothe me,
When guilt my soul oppressed ;
I felt that God still loved me,
And I should gain that rest.

Sister, I'm faint and weary,
Come, lay me down once more ;
All, all is dark and dreary,
Save that immortal shore.

No sin, no sorrow ever,
Sheds there one darkling ray ;
But Christ, my blessed Saviour,
Shall wipe all tears away.

THE EMIGRANT'S PLEA.

A DISTANT cry is pealing,
From broad Pacific's shore ;
O'er rocky peaks 't is stealing,
Where mountain torrents roar.

Where prairie flowers are spreading
Their fragrance all around ;
And man is lightly treading
That sweet enchanted ground.

Yes, through the noble forest
That skirts the azure sky ;
The breeze a message beareth,
Oh ! list the earnest cry.

“ Lord give us back our Sabbaths,
Those blessed happy days ;
When we with friends could worship,
And heavenly anthems raise.

Oh ! send the precious gospel
Our fainting souls to cheer ;
And make the desert blossom,
And goodly fruit appear.

’Till we with joy may gather
Within Thy Courts of Praise ;
And sing the glad Hosannahs
We sang in early days.”

Youth's Department.

TO MY DAUGHTER, ON PRESENTING HER WITH
A BIBLE.

My child, in this blest volume
God's love and glory shine;
Oh! search its sacred pages,
And make its precepts thine.

Seek now, this blessed Saviour,
Make him your early friend;
And by his grace He'll guide you,
And all your steps attend.

Then should thy parents leave you,
And earthly friends depart;
These promises will cheer you,
And raise your sinking heart.

Come, trust this blessed Saviour,
My only daughter dear;
He'll be your friend forever,
And wipe your every tear.

And in his shining mansions,
May you your parents meet ;
With all your darling brothers,
Around his mercy seat.

THAT HAND NEVER STRUCK A BLOW.

ONCE more do let me gently hold
That hand in mine, dear mother,—
Alas, 't is cold ! yes, icy-cold,
For death has chilled my brother.

This little hand ne'er struck one blow,
'T was ever raised to cheer me ;—
I love to think that this was so,
And that he still is near me.

Such kindness breathed in every word,
Soft as an angel's whisper ;
And oft my listening ear has heard,
“ I love my dearest sister.”

I know he 's dead, for once that cheek
Was fresh as Spring's sweet flowers ;
And those pale lips no more can speak,
When pressed in love to ours.

Mother, he 's in that "happy land,"
Far, far away in heaven ;
The fairest of that shining band,
Though grief our hearts has riven.

Once more this little hand I'll kiss,
Then lay it near the other ;
And now farewell ;—we 'll meet in bliss,
My precious darling brother.

LITTLE ANN AND THE PIGEON.

A LITTLE girl with curious eye,
And ever restless mind ;
Was led each day to search and try,
Some hidden thing to find.

No nook or place howe'er concealed,
If she the key could get ;
Its contents soon would be revealed,
Or she would tease and fret.

One warm, but pleasant summer day,
She sought the garden gate ;
And resting there, her brother lay,
And near a basket sat.

With cautious step she ventured there
And off the cover drew ;
When lo ! a pigeon, white and fair,
From out the basket flew.

Long had she wished her brother dear,
This milk-white dove to bring ;
And now she saw with many a tear,
Her treasure on the wing.

Had Ann less curious been to know,
And kindly spoke to Fred ;
With pleasure she her bird might show,
And share with it her bread.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

At twilight hour, in a churchyard lone,
Beside a mound of clay,
A boy oft knelt, by a cold white stone,
Where his mother lay, for she alone
Had taught him how to pray.

I saw, as I neared that sacred spot,
His cheeks were ashy pale ;
Nor knew till then, how sad is the lot
Of an orphan boy, in a stranger's cot,
And wept to hear his tale.

“Mother sleeps so long mid low’ring skies,
With cold earth on her breast;
I fear, said he, she will never rise,
Though she said she would, then closed her eyes
And made her last request.

“Oh! gracious God, may I rise to greet,”
Said she, when growing cold;
“This darling child, at thy blessed feet,
Where storms like this shall cease to beat,
Around the Shepherd’s fold.”

She laid her hand on my little head,
‘T was damp and cold with death;
I heard no more, for the stranger’s tread
Was light and gentle around her bed,
Till ceased her laboring breath.

To-day some budding flowers I found,
That tell me Spring has come;
Sir, will she, when warmer grows the ground,
Rise up from this cold and dreary mound,
And take me to her home.

I spoke of the resurrection day,
When all the good would rise;
And angels come and bear them away,
To spend with Jesus an endless day,
Beyond the starry skies.

On my bosom then he wept, sweet child,
And said the day is near,
When I shall go from this gloomy wild,—
His eye grew bright, and he sweetly smiled,
And wiped away the tear.

LITTLE SUSA.

SHE sat upon the marble step
Of a stately mansion door ;
Her basket on her arm she kept,
And bitter tears she freely wept,
As from her heart's deep core.

Her scanty garments close she drew
Around her shiv'ring frame ;
While thick and fast the snow-flakes flew,
Her sabbings deep and deeper grew
As she breathed her simple name.

“ Oh ! Susa cannot cease to cry,
She 's got no bread to-day ;
Mother is sick, and baby 'll die,
I told them so, but know not why,
They turned so quick away.

“ But mother said, she would implore,
Our Heavenly Father's aid ;

So I will rise and ring once more,
Perhaps they did not hear before,
How much we needed bread."

"Touch not that silver bell again,
A miser's heart is there;"
A stranger said, "I've heard your strain,
Your pleading has not been in vain,
God heard your mother's prayer.

"Come, haste with me your basket, I
Will fill with bread and meat;
For He, who hears the raven's cry,
Has heard the widow's pleading sigh,
And sends her food to eat."



A BROTHER'S INFLUENCE.

I SHALL not say my prayers to-night,
Said a pouting little child;
To romp and play I'm sure is right,
But father thinks I'm wild.

I know that he would fret as bad,
If grandpa sternly said;
My son your noise will make me mad,
So hush and go to bed.

A milder voice then said with grief,
“ ‘T is right we should obey ;
Come, brother, kneel, ’t will give relief,
So let us meekly pray.”

And gently round his neck he threw
His coaxing little arms ;
And said, “ I dare not sleep with you,
Your temper, me alarms.

“ And God is angry, too, you know,
When thus you disobey ;
Come, brother, kneel here with me do,
And to the Saviour pray.

“ But if you will not seek with me,
Forgiveness ere you sleep ;
‘ Our Father ’ I will say for thee,
That he your soul may keep.”

And sweetly there with tearful face,
He asked God to impart,
In love, the spirit’s quick’ning grace,
To cleanse his brother’s heart.

That prayer was heard, and soon a voice,
As gentle as the other,
Arose, and angels did rejoice
O’er that repenting brother.

THE LITTLE MATCH BOY.

It was December, cold and drear,
And stormy was the weather,
When all around, both far and near,
The snow-flakes clung together.

With garments thin, and bare red feet
A boy, both sad and weary,
Passed on through many a winding street,
'Till darkness veiled him, nearly.

"Matches, matches!" he loud did cry,
Nor yet had sold he any ;
For none appeared that day to buy,
Or give him one red penny.

To none he told his bitter woe,
For he had now no mother ;
She slept beneath the pure white snow,
Beside his little brother.

His sister all alone did stay,
Or watch her drunken father,
While thus their bread from day to day,
Did he with matches gather.

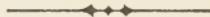
Benumbed and sad he sat him down,
Drawing his cold feet under ;
He feared his father's angry frown,
But more his sister's hunger.

He said, "A dreary world is this,
I'm glad there is another;"
And then he thought he felt a kiss,
From his dear angel mother.

And bending o'er him stood a form,
With kind and manly feeling;
Whose heart with sympathy was warm,
For tear-drops down were stealing.

He knew that boy, so marble cold,
And bade him not to sorrow;
Placed in his hand some shining gold,
And told him, "On the morrow,

"Sister of plenty shall partake;
And you, her noble brother,
Shall have a home for her own sake—
Your dear departed mother."



THE BROTHERS.

Two little boys were once at play,
When each, the other cheated;
And angry words they both did say,
Which all their plans defeated.

But angry words could not suffice
For both, their fists were framing ;
And soon to hit each other's eyes
Their heavy blows were aiming.

E'en this was not enough, they cried
And stamped, until each token,
Their mother's weary hands supplied,
Lay scattered round and broken.

I too, was young, and watched those boys,
With eyes brim full of sorrow ;
I knew that they would want those toys
Should they behold the morrow.

And then their mother, "easy soul,"
I pitied her, poor creature ;
For she no power had to control,
Or smooth one pouting feature.

Thus unrestrained, with passions vile
These boys to men were growing ;
But oft their mother's tears, the while,
In bitter streams were flowing.

Too kind to err, that widowed heart,
The twig, unbent did cherish ;
And manhood's prime no hopes impart,
That sin's deep root will perish.

CHILDHOOD.

O CHILDHOOD's hours of thee I sing !

Sweet days forever past,
When morning's sun could pleasure bring,
Though soon by clouds o'ercast.

Those clouds could not o'ercast my mind ;
It was the home of peace,
When my light heart still hoped to find
Each day with joy increase.

I ranged the grove—the verdant fields,
When flushed with childish joy,
To cull the sweets that Nature yields,
Which time would soon destroy.

Blithe as the flitting butterfly,
That nestles on each flower,
I saw the summer day pass by,
And welcom'd every hour.

Ah, pleasant look yon murmuring rills,
Where I so oft have strayed,
And dried clay-cups on sunny hills,
And spread them in the shade.

Who can reflect on by-gone hours,
And not exclaim with me :
“The sweetest joys—the fairest flowers—
Did I in childhood see ?”

Conversant now with pain and grief
For many years I 've been,
But oh ! there is a sweet relief
Beyond this world of sin.

Then why look back with this regret,
Would I those hours recall ?
Nay—though my sun at noon should set,
I would resign " my all ; "

And seek in heaven for *fadeless* youth,—
For joys which *never* end,
Where Hope's sweet words will *all* be truth,
And *God* my *changeless* Friend.

THE STOLEN BOY.

PEACE long had hovered round the home
Of Afric's noble son ;
Dispelling care and frightful gloom,
Which other hearts had wrung.

The only pledge—a happy child
Clasped in his mother's arms ;
Told o'er his tales, and sweetly smil'd,
Proud of his native charms.

Then bounding forth, he waved his hand,
And sought the cooling shade—
Where met a jovial little band,
And 'neath the palm trees play'd.

How proudly beat each little heart!
A tiny hut they reared ;
And, ranged in simple native art,
Each shining shell appeared.

But lo ! another scene behold,
A mother's form is near ;
Alone she stands with grief untold,—
The white man's track is here !

With tearful eyes one glance she threw,
Far o'er the refluent wave,
When, lo ! her boy appeared in view,
And loudly cries, “ O, save !”

But look ! another scene appears,—
Beside a dark ship lies
A native boat, and pearly tears
Stream from a father's eyes.

Then raising in his trembling hand,
His gold, and jewel's rare,
“ Take, white man, all, and loose those bands,
My child from slavery spare.”

They took his wealth—and chained him too,
Close by his prattling boy ;
“ My father, Oh ! I ’ll cling to you,”
He said, and wept for joy.

On FREEDOM’S proud and boasted soil,
Next moves a sickly band—
They drag their chains, they sweat, they toil—
Slaves on Columbia’s land.

THE LITTLE PENITENT'S REQUEST TO HER DYING MOTHER.

A MOTHER lay upon her dying bed ;
Nature exhausted, and so near worn out,
She seemed just on the verge of Jordan’s stream,
The vital spark alone remained to tell
That she had yet to cross its rolling tide.
The parting kiss—the last farewell to all
That day, in tears and love, were kindly given.
And oft her youngest child, a lovely girl,
By her request, sung o’er those words, so sweet
To ev’ry dying saint, who looks for bliss
Beyond the boundaries of this narrow world,
“ We there shall meet—shall meet to part no more.”
“ Dear mother,” said the sobbing child, “ I ’ll try—
I ’ll try to meet you there.”

Weary and worn with grief, that child sought rest ;
 But soon the thought came to her troubled heart,
 That unkind words or disobedient acts
 Of her's had caused that mother grief and pain.
 "I 'll go to her again," she cried, " and there
 I 'll pray that she once more—once more may speak,
 And speak forgiveness to her wayward child."
 A moment more, and she, with anxious gaze,
 Over that wasted form was bent, praying
 Intent, " Mother, will you your child forgive ?"
 "Yes, yes, my love ;" and when these precious words
 Fell on her ears, printing a parting kiss
 Upon her mother's death-chilled lips, she turned
 Away in peace.



DEATH OF A SABBATH SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

SHE lay like some sweet op'ning rose,
 Torn from its parent tree,—
 Or, as if sunk in sweet repose,
 As calm as sleep could be.

No mother smooth'd her dying bed,
 No father's kiss was given ;
She long had slumber'd with the dead,
 And *he* just entered heaven.

A sister watched life's ebbing sand,
And friends stood kindly by—
Who strove with sympathizing hand
Affliction's tears to dry.

No fear of death her bosom wrung,
She smil'd with calm delight,
And said, "Lord Jesus, quickly come,"
Then upward took her flight.

Now with the bright angelic band,
Where saints their joys unfold,
She strikes with an immortal hand,
The glittering harp of gold.



THE ORPHAN'S LAMENT.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN GEORGE AND CHARLES.

Geo. Good morning, Charles, your smiling face
Bespeaks a life of joy !
I would such happiness embrace,
But I 'm an orphan boy.
I often hear your mother call,
And bid her darling come ;
And then my tears of sorrow fall,
For I 'm a lonely one.

And when she folds you in her arms,
 And gives the tender kiss,
I feel a stranger to the charms
 Of such enraptured bliss.
With gentle hand she smooths your bed,
 And makes it snug and warm ;
Then gently lays your weary head,
 And bids you fear no harm.

And oft thy parents plead for thee,
 Before God's holy throne ;
But ah ! no prayer ascends for me,
 I bow and weep alone.
The music of a parent's voice
 Ne'er falls upon my ear ;
Their smiles ne'er make my heart rejoice,
 Nor chase away the tear.

Chas. I know I've parents kind and good,
 Who make me clothes and give me food ;
And many comforts they bestow,
 But, George, this may not long be so.
I, too, may stand alone like you—
 My parents gone, my friends but few ;
But God has said, when parents die,
 He will regard the orphan's cry.

And He will be your Father, too,
 And lead you all life's journey through.

Then if you trust his saving love,
He 'll take you up to heaven above ;
There, dearest George, on that blest shore,
God's holy children part no more—
But scenes of glory ever roll
To feast the eyes and charm the soul.

Geo. Well, Charles, I 'll trust this God of love,
Nor longer here repine ;
Then I shall have a friend above,
To heal these woes of mine.
Father in heaven, help me to say
“ Thy holy will be done ;”
Though dark my path and rough my way,
Let mercy lead me on.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO LOVED HIS BIBLE.

ALTHOUGH I am a little boy
But seven summers old ;
Yet twice I 've read my Bible through,
And love it more than gold.

“ In the beginning,” there I find,
The heavens and earth were made—
And our first parents good and kind,
'Till God they disobeyed.

Then all by sin's dread curse was given
 To sorrow, death and pain—
And the first saint that entered heaven
 Was by a brother slain.

And soon the earth, which God had made
 So lovely and so good,
Was filled with sins of every grade,
 And deluged with a flood.

But Noah, being warned of God,
 An ark did then prepare,
And sailed upon that mighty flood,
 When all were in despair.

Next faithful Abraham we trace—
 Isaac with Jacob stood,
The fathers of the “chosen race”—
 Then Moses with his rod.

But then, there was *one* lovely boy
 Whose life his brothers sought ;
Because he was his father's joy,
 And wore a pretty coat.

To strangers they in envy sold
 This child, in spite of tears—
But God was with him, we are told,
 In Egypt, many years.

But oh ! the half I cannot tell,
For wonders great were wrought ;
Thousands by bears and serpents fell,
And some to heaven were caught.

Thus on four thousand years had rolled,
When angels did proclaim
That He, by prophets long foretold,
Was born in Bethlehem.

This blessed Saviour came to save
Mankind from endless death ;
And on the cross he freely gave,
For us, His dying breath.

And now, to all who will believe,
Salvation free is given ;
May all this precious book receive,
And learn the way to heaven.



THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

[The following lines were suggested by a conversation between a little child and her mother. It was commenced by the child, who doubted the existence of a God, because she could not see him with her natural eyes.]

Child. Ma ! is the Lord we worship here,
A real God, or is he not ?

Mother. He is, my love, he 's everywhere,
Sees every act, knows every thought.

Child. He is not here ! That cannot be,
Or I should see his lovely face.

Mother. Yes, child, he fills immensity,
His Spirit dwells in every place.

Child. Is God a Holy Spirit then,
And does he sit in heaven above ?

Mother. Yes, and beholds the sons of men,
Sinners, yet objects of his love.

Child. How can he love us, if we sin,
And thus abuse his grace ?

Mother. For Jesus' sake, who died to win
Us, to his Father's kind embrace.

Child. But shall we sin, if we ascend
To dwell with God in yonder heaven ?

Mother. No, child ; if Jesus is our friend ;
There, perfect joy to all is given.

Child. Well, I should like to live with those
Who ne'er abuse that Saviour dear ;

Mother. So shall you, if his ways you choose,
And early learn his name to fear.

THE BOY AND THE BROOM.

[In a letter from REV. B. W. CHIDLAW, a Missionary in the West for the American Sunday-School Union, to the Sunday-School children of the East, he relates the following incident:—"A little boy came two miles through swamps and mud, with a splint-broom of his own manufacture, to exchange it for a Sunday-School book. The exchange was made, and the boy became a possessor of a little volume, which to him was an invaluable treasure. This book cost him hours of labor; he went to the woods, cut a hickory sapling, sat down for hours at his log-cabin fire, making the broom; then he walked four miles, and all this toil to secure one book." The following lines were suggested on reading the above incident:]

UPON a rude log-cabin floor,
A western boy sat down,
And viewed a hick'ry sapling o'er,
Then peeled it round and round;
Till in his skilful hands it grew,
A nice splint-broom so white and new.

And then two dreary miles he went,
Through swamps of bog and clay,
His thoughts were on some object bent,
For thus he seemed to say:—
“That man with books I know is blest,
For loving children of the West.

“Perhaps my broom will purchase one,
If not, I must despair;
For I have not the smallest sum,
And father's none to spare.
I'll tell him how much pains I took,
And how I've toiled for one nice book.”

And such a plea, who could withstand ?

A volume soon was given,
And may it lead him to the Lamb,
That once came down from heaven,
To suffer, bleed and die below,
That children may to glory go.

With smiling face, while tears did start,
He clasped the precious boon,
And laid it on his thankful heart,
Then sought his cabin room,
Where list'ning ones with happy look,
Did gather round to hear that book.

No pennies had this boy to spend,
For candy, cake or toy ;
And yet that book to him may send
A gleam of heavenly joy,
Surpassing all *our* children's cash
Can purchase of such baneful trash.

Now where 's the boy who will lay by
His pennies for one year,
These far-off children to supply
With treasures of such cheer,
And take his pay in *tears of love*,
To sparkle in his crown above ?

THE LITTLE GIRL'S DREAM.

MOTHER, last night before me,
Arose, so very near,
The pearly gates of glory,
I could the inmates hear.

And as the saints were passing,
Clad in their "bright array,"
A soft, sweet voice was asking,
"Will sister come to-day?"

In breathless haste I nearer
Those glorious portals drew ;
And then in accents clearer,
That voice I heard and knew.

It was my sister Mary,
Beside an angel fair ;
She looked like some sweet fairy,
With roses in her hair.

A jewelled crown was sparkling,
Upon her glorious brow ;
And songs that she was harping,
Methinks I hear them now.

Again with loved ones shining,
A raptured seraph passed ;
She looked, and said, so smiling,
"Has sister come at last?"

Mother, I longed to fold her
Within these arms of mine ;
But soon an angel told her,
I had not reached that clime.

I woke, but oh, how dreary,
This dull, sad earth did seem ;
I longed to be with Mary,
Were it but in a dream.

◆◆◆

THE LOST SON.

The following lines were written after witnessing the death of a little boy, the only son of doting parents, and a scholar in the Sabbath school where I was first engaged as a teacher. Truly "his end was peace," and the language of his heart breathed the most perfect resignation. Although he had attended the Sabbath school with great reluctance, on his dying bed he thanked his mother for having sent him, "for there (said he) I learned about the Saviour!"

I saw him on his dying bed, while pain,
Excruciating pain did rack his feeble
Frame. And O ! my head as waters seemed
When from his quivering lips these words did
Fall in deepest penitence : "Pray for me.
O ! who will pray for me !" We knelt around
His bed, and prayers were offered ; prayers, too, that
The ear of Him, who for guilty rebels
Intercedes, did reach. But who can paint,
Or can describe the solemn scene ! All wept,
All save him who silent lay, with closed

Eyes, and heart uplifted to the Lamb of God !
 Sweet child ! His years were few, but still his heart
 He felt had need of Jesus' precious blood.
 And 't was applied. A heavenly calmness
 Rested on his visage, pale ; and his breast
 With sweet composure filled, Then, O ! with what
 Sedateness did he speak of his approaching
 Exit. But still the tender parents watched
 With weeping eyes, from morn 'till night, the fever'd
 Lips, the trembling pulse—anxious to catch some
 Glimmering hope of his returning health.
 But all in vain : naught could allay the pangs
 Of the disease. Not herb medicinal,
 Nor care of parents dear, could save the darling
 Child. Its home was in another clime ;
 And soon the cold messenger arrived, and
 Snatch'd the tender bud from the parents fond embrace.
 His spirit fled ! And by angelic guards
 On balmy wings, to the empyrean
 Shore it was conveyed, to dwell with God.

In my native town, and within a few rods of the meeting-house where he used to attend school, upon the sunny side of a hill, he lies buried, and a marble slab with the following Epitaph engraved upon it, (which I wrote at the time,) stands at the head of his grave :

EPITAPH.

Farewell, dear child, a long farewell !
 No more shall we behold thy charms ;
 On Zion's hill thy spirit dwells,
 Encircled in thy Saviour's arms.

COME, TALK TO ME OF JESUS.

“ COME, talk to me of Jesus,”
A feeble child once said,
As on his mother’s bosom
He laid his aching head.

“ Come, talk to me of Jesus ;
Let sister bring my book,
And while you tell the story,
I ’ll on the picture look.”

“ See, darling, that is Jesus
Who stands with out-stretched hand ;
And those so close around him,
The happy infant band.

“ He laid his hand upon them,
And each a blessing shared ;
Then told them that a kingdom
For such had been prepared.”

“ Mother, that same dear Saviour
Is bidding me to come ;
There ’s room upon his bosom,
In that bright, happy home.

“ Then farewell, my dear mother,
I see his shining throne ;
And farewell, dearest sisters,
My Jesus bids me come.”

LITTLE KATY.

“ Hot corn ! hot corn ! here’s nice hot corn !”

Was on the night-air swelling,—
A half-clad child, with features wan,
Her last two ears was selling.

“ Hot corn ! hot corn ! kind sir, take all,”
She said, “ the night is dreary,
And mother waits in yonder hall,
To beat me, though I ’m weary.

“ I ’m starving, sir, but dare not touch
One kernel, though I ’m dying ;
My mother, O, I loved her much,
When brighter days were flying !

“ My father, too, yes, he was kind—
But he has gone before me ;
Good Mr. Pease says I shall find
A better home in glory.”

“ Hot corn ! hot corn !” next eve again
Was with the thunder blended ;
Though lightnings flashed, and drenching rain
In torrents fast descended.

But soon her heavy task was o’er,
She swooned that night while crying—
“ Hot corn ! hot corn !” as oft before,
Though feeble, faint and dying.

Maddened, her frantic mother raved,
When to her door they brought her ;
She swore that *rum* she soon would have,
Or beat her lazy daughter.

Nights passed—I heard no more that cry ;
But still my throbbing bosom
Sent up a prayer, I knew not why,
For this frail earthly blossom.

I sought the street and sauntered on,
'Till that good man did meet me ;
He led me to her dying room,
Where words like these did greet me :

“ O, mother ! will the stranger come ?
That cake was good he gave us ;
I gave my darling sister some—
That night from death it saved us ! ”

“ Yes, yes, my child,” I said, “ he 's here ! ”
She threw her arms around me ;
“ O, 't is the stranger's voice I hear,
Dear mother, he has found me ! ”

“ He sympathized with me,” she said,
“ And spoke to me so kindly ;
He dried my tears and gave me bread,
When others passed me blindly.

“ I thank you, sir,” and with that word
Her dying kiss was given ;
A faint “ good-bye ” was all we heard,
And Katy was in heaven !

LITTLE ALIE.

“ To-MORROW will come,” said a sweet rosy child ;
“ It soon will be here,” she lisped as she smiled ;
“ And then it is spring, dear mother says so,
And I shall be happy, so happy, I know.”

But why does dear Alie so wish for the spring ?
Does she think she will hear the sweet robin sing ?
And does she expect, with roses so fair,
To bind up her curls of bright golden hair ?

Not that—no, not that ; she said, “ It is spring,
And then I shall go where the good people sing,
And talk of the Saviour—I do love him so—
To-morrow with mother to church I shall go.”

That eve, ere the sun had set in the west,
This sweet child was laid in her cradle to rest ;
But ere the next morn had illumined the sky,
Her spirit had gone to her Saviour on high.

Yes, Alie had found an unchanging spring,
And joined with the seraphs God's praises to sing ;
And bounding with rapture o'er heaven's bright sphere,
She sings, " I am happy, far happier here."



LITTLE BELL;

OR, THE NEW YEAR'S DRESS.

The following lines were suggested by the fact, that a little rosy-cheeked girl, about ten years of age and an only daughter, had been saving her pennies for a long time in order to purchase herself a New Year's dress.

Just before Christmas she was seized with that dreadful disease the croup, which seemed from the first to baffle the skill of the physicians in attendance, and soon terminated in death. When the last struggle was over, the weeping mother brought the purse of her departed child in the room, and emptied its contents on the table, saying, " Dear Bell, I promised you this money should buy you a New Year's dress, and I will keep my word, and purchase with it the last dress you will ever need." Accordingly she paid it out for the linen dress and shroud appropriate for the occasion.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

"THE holidays, the holidays,"
Said laughing little Bell,—
"The happy cheers, and greeting lays,
I ever love them well ;
And then the nuts, the cakes, and toys,
Come in to heighten still my joys.

"I wonder if sweet cousin Bess
Will New Year's spend with me ;

I love her dimpled cheek to press,
She is so kind and free.
How cheerily will pass the day
If cousin Bess can with me play.

“ And here’s my purse,” continued Bell :
“ ’Tis almost filled with chink,
To buy my dress ; dear mother, tell,
Shall it be blue or pink ?
Oh, shall I not on New Year’s shine
In that new dress, so nice and fine !”

The merry Christmas came, but where
Was little rosy Bell ?
A tiny cot was spread, and there
Her ghastly features tell
That soon her struggles will be o’er,
And little Bell will be no more.

As Parian marble soon she lay,
All white and cold in death,—
This lovely one, who yesterday
Was sporting with each breath ;
Her auburn curls, still tinged with gold,
Lay on that bosom now so cold.

A budding rose was on her breast,
Wet with her mother’s tears ;
But, little Bell, thy New Year’s dress
Nor blue nor pink appears.

Thy treasured store, once thy delight,
Purchased a robe of snowy white,
To clothe thee for the silent tomb
Where New Year's greetings never come.



THE LITTLE COLPORTEUR.

“ PLEASE, mother, will you let me be
A *real* colporteur,
And to some needy children flee ?
I can, I ’m very sure.
Mother, ’t would please me to impart
A gleam of joy to one poor heart.

“ First, mother, let me play, you’re poor,
And in a hovel rode ;
With little ones upon the floor,
Ragged, and scant of food.
And *then* you’ll *feel* and *know* the joy
A book would give from such a boy.”

So saying, from her side he sped,
And with a smiling look,
He passed around with silent tread,
And gathered every book.
With cap and cloak, his load well strapped,
Then sought the door, and gently rapped.

“Lady,” said he, “I’ve treasures rare,
Volumes of nameless worth ;
They tell of Him who once did bear
Our sins, when here on earth.
Please purchase one ; your children dear
These stories would with rapture hear.

“They’re good as preaching, too, you’ll find,
And if no pastor’s voice
You have amid these lonely wilds,
Your heart will oft rejoice,
As through these pages you shall trace
His love, who died to save our race.”

“But stop,” said she ; “suppose I’m poor,
And money none have got ?”
“Why, then,” said he, “look at my store,
For such, a book I’ve got.”
She took the gift, and thanked with joy
The colporteur—her own dear boy.

“Now, mother,” said he, “we can spare
These books, we’ve read them o’er ;
And to some alley I’ll repair,
And give or sell my store ;
And you may on my pleasing task
A blessing from the Saviour ask.”

“They shall be thine, my darling son,”
The weeping mother said ;

“ And when in love thy work is done,
If but one soul is led
To seek the Lamb that once was slain,
Thy mission shall not be in vain.”

With many thanks he hasted out,
And sought each humble spot ;
Distributing his gifts about,
And many a blessing got.
Both old and young beheld with joy
The colporteur, the mission boy.

THE SILENT BEGGAR.

EACH day upon my window sill,
A little beggar sits ;
'Till I, his hungry stomach fill,
And then away he flits.

I know not that he ever weeps,
And yet his eyes are red :
For I have seen them as he peeps
At me and bows his head.

His little feet are always bare,
And they are cold I know ;

If I, some stockings had to spare,
I 'd screen them from the snow.

He never asked me for a crum,
Nor says that he is cold ;
And yet through storms and rain he 'll come,
For hunger makes him bold.

One day a nice warm toast I made,
'Gainst Libby came from school ;
And closely in the dish 't was laid,
Well covered, lest it cool.

'T was bitter cold, but soon appeared,
The beggar on the spot ;
I know as he the window neared,
He wanted what I 'd got.

I told him this was *dainty* fare,
He bowed and kept his seat ;
So from the dish I took his share,
And laughed to see him eat.

When Libby came, I told her soon,
I knew her generous heart ;
She said, " poor Pigeon, let him come,
I 'll gladly give him part."

THE SABBATH SCHOOL BOY AND HIS BIBLE.

“ Dear father,” said a lovely boy,
With sweet and pensive look,
As rising from the nursery floor,
He closed his favorite book,
And snugly ’gainst his little breast,
With tiny hands the Bible prest,—

“ Say, father, when my body dies,
And sleeps within the tomb,
And my freed spirit mounts the skies,
To find with Jesus room,—
Shall I not there, on that bright shore,
This sacred volume have once more ?”

“ My child,” the father quick replies,
“ This book God’s will declares ;
It points unto the glorious prize
Which every victor bears ;
It tells us how the conquest ’s won,
By love to God through Christ his Son.

“ And when the Crown of Life is given,
Our warfare is complete,
And every wish and thought in heaven,
Unbounded love wil meet,
And like a swelling, mighty flood,
Exulting rise in praise to God :

“Eternal pages will unfold
New beauties every hour;
And our immortal eyes behold
God’s wisdom, might, and power,
E’er shining through the wondrous plan—
Redeeming love to fallen man.”

All wrapt in solemn thought, awhile
The little one did stand,—
Then with a sweet but placid smile
He raised his soft white hand,
And from his bosom gently took
His precious treasure, God’s own book.

Then hardly conscious of his voice,
He said,—and wiped a tear,—
“I’d love with angels to rejoice,—
My Jesus to revere—
But *can’t* I sometimes steal away,
And read how David loved to pray ?”

THE CHILD’S DREAM.

THAT was a happy dream, mother,
From which I just awoke,
I’m sure it was some heavenly gleam
That on my vision broke.

I saw that dreadful stream, mother,
Whose dark cold waters roar,
And on a shining golden beam,
I passed its surface o'er.

I saw those pearly gates, mother,
Through which the holy pass,
And there were pure transparent streets
Like gold or solid glass.

And there waere pleasant fields, mother,
Bright with celestial light,
And sparkling flowers perfumed with love,
Redundant with delight.

All o'er that blissful plain, mother,
Sweet music breathed around,
In such melodious, heavenly strains,
I bowed to catch the sound.

I saw those darling ones, mother,
You once did call your own,
In garments brighter than the sun,
Most happy near the throne.

They said that I ere long, mother,
On that blest peaceful shore,
Would join their sweet, immortal song,
Where sorrow is no more.

Then shall I happy be, mother,
For Christ my Lord is there,
Who early showed His love to me,
And heard my lisping prayer.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

God made the sun to shine by day,
The moon and stars at night ;
The little lambs to skip and play,
And flowers to charm the sight.

God made the birds with silken wings,
That soar up in the sky ;
He tuned their throats his praise to sing,
And taught them how to fly.

And when beside a lonely brook
Good old Elijah stood,
The little ravens sought that nook,
And daily brought him food.

God shut the mouths of lions, when
The holy Daniel lay
Down in that dark and dismal den,
For *there* he still could pray.

And when the Hebrew children were
Cast in the burning flame,
One like the Son of God was there,
To bless and rescue them.

Make this great God your early friend,
Give him your infant love,
And peace shall all your steps attend,
To perfect bliss above.

CHRIST RIDING INTO JERUSALEM.

FROM Olivet a cry is heard,
And multitudes appear ;
With love and joy each heart seems stirred,
Such shoutings rend the air.

They cast their garments in the way,
And palms they freely bring ;
“Hosannah” is their joyful lay,
“To David’s Son and King !”

Thus on, the lowly Saviour came,
With the adoring throng,—
Jerusalem has caught the strain,
And children join the song.

Hosannas from their infant lips
The gracious Saviour hears ;
And now above enthroned, he sits
To list their humble prayers.

As willing now is He to bless
And give the healing hand,
As when He to his bosom pressed
And owned the infant band.

Oh, come then to this Holy One !
Your hearts an off'ring bring ;
Hosannas then to David's Son,
In sweeter strains you 'll sing.



THE TORN DRESS.

“ONCE there was” a little creature,
Bright as morn in sunny May,
Beautiful in form and feature,
Happy all the livelong day.

Far away from this, in childhood,
Oft I saw her smiling face,
In the forest glade and wildwood,
Romping round from place to place.

She no Sabbath-bell had ever
 Heard amidst those mountains wild,
And the Sunday-School had never
 On those rustic children smiled.

So one Sabbath-day, while straying
 Through the fields and meadows fair,
With some little children playing,
 She her Sunday dress did tear.

Now she look'd and felt quite badly,
 For she thought her mother dear
Would reprove her, and she sadly
 Turn'd away to hide a tear.

While she sat, the rent before her,
 Pondering o'er what she should do,
All at once the thought came o'er her,
 God in heaven can wonders do.

Then she closed her eyes so gently,
 And the tears strove to repress,
While she whisper'd out so softly
 “O, dear Lord, please mend my dress ?”

What a prayer ! But she had never
 Once been told of Jesus' love,
Nor that sinners here are ever
 Grieving God, who lives above.

Could she then, like you, have enter'd
God's own house on his blest day,
Ah ! methinks she ne'er had ventured
Thus to pass its hours away.

But she lived to learn of Jesus,
And in after years did stand,
With the little ones around her,
Teaching them her God's command.

THE MOTHERLESS.

A MOTHER's name, a mother's name.
Ah ! yes, 't is ever sweet ;
With joy I still the sound retain,
As I the word repeat ;
And sometimes in the lonely glen,
'T is gently echoed back again ;
As if her spirit hovered near
To soothe or check the rising tear.

My mother's voice, my mother's voice,
A charm was in its sound ;
Its music made my heart rejoice,
And gladness spread around.
She taught my infant lips to pray,
And ask for grace from day to day ;

Ah ! sweet domestic joy, in this
Is felt thy dearest, noblest bliss.

My mother's hand, I 've felt it oft
Upon my infant brow ;
Its gentle pressure, warm and soft,
Methinks I feel it now ;
As when she knelt and ask'd in prayer,
That God my soul would make his care ;
This oft she did, at twilight hour,
And still I feel its soothing power.

My mother's kiss, my mother's kiss,
With rapture thrilled my soul ;
No power could heal my grief like this,
My joys knew no control.
When she my tiny hand would press,
And smiling, give the fond caress,
I thought e'n then, that smiles of love,
Would guide me to the realms above.

My mother dear, to thee 't was given
To point thy erring child to heaven ;
Thy dying voice was spent in prayer,—
And when I knelt beside thee there,
And laid upon my bursting heart,
Thy death-cold hand, thou didst impart
To me thy last sweet kiss of love,
Then smiling, soared to realms above.

Ah ! since that hour, that painful hour,
 No friend like thee I 've found ;
No sympathizing, soothing power,
 Such influence sheds around.
But though the world with woe is rife,
 With grace I 'll nerve me for its strife ;
And press with vigor to that shore,
 Mother ! where we shall part no more.

PEEK-A-BOO WITH ANGELS.

A father from New Jersey informs us that on entering his parlor one evening he heard a soft, sweet voice saying, “ *Peet-a-boo Ane! Peet-a-boo Ane!*” On looking around he observed his darling babe, not two years old, holding in its little hand a picture representing a group of angels, one of which was peering over a cloud, which the happy child had innocently imagined was playing with her. The reading of the above incident occasioned the following lines :

HAPPY, happy little baby !
 Does the angel heed thy voice ?
Thou mayest “ *Peet-a-boo,*” it may be,—
 Brighter seraphs now rejoice,
While thou sit'st in mood so lovely,
 Watch they not in joy above thee ?

Like the morning's opening blossom,
 Sparkling in the dews of night,
So thy young and tender bosom,
 Drinks in ever new delight.
Dream'st thou not of Heaven's bright glory,
 When soft slumber stealeth o'er thee ?

Happy, happy little creature,
Sin thy heart has never known,—
Joy inscribed on every feature,
Innocent that prattling tongue—
But thou 'rt in a world of sorrow,
Though thou heedest not the morrow.

Earth has pleasures, but they 're fleeting,
As the rainbow's varied gleam,
While we grasp, they 're e'en retreating
Like the shadows of a dream :
Fondest hopes are crushed and withered,
Strongest ties by death are severed.

Oh, if after years could show thee,
Innocent and pure as now !—
But alone in realms of glory,
Sinless wreaths entwine the brow ;
There may'st thou in accents lowly,
Sing with angels, Holy ! Holy !



TO W. H. A., A YOUNG STUDENT.

WHILE the days of youth are flying,
In the far perspective view,
Let some point of fame be rising ;
Labor then with courage true.

In thy aspirations ever
As a guide true wisdom seek,
Make a guardian angel of her,
Hallowed joys her ways bespeak.

And if manhood's hours are twining,
Brighter charms around thy path ;
Early scenes may faintly shining,
Link the present to the past.

NATURAL LOVE OF LIBERTY.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN A MOTHER AND HER CHILD WHILE ENJOYING
A RAMBLE IN THE COUNTRY.

CHILD.

DEAR mother, see that little bird
Expand its wings and fly ;
And then such pretty notes I heard
As up, it soared on high.

I 'd love to live where songs so sweet
Fall on the list'ning ear ;
The shady nook—the mossy seat,
Are joys I should revere.

But, mother, would those birds we see
In cages closely pent,
More gaily sing on yonder tree
Or feel more sweet content ?

MOTHER.

Let reason solve the question, child ;
Blot freedom from our page,
Then would our earth be drear and wild
And sorrows grow with age.

'T was by our Heavenly Father's hand,
Each living thing was made ;
The ravens fly at his command,
And lilies deck the glade.

And sweeter far the balmy gale,
They taste in Nature's bowers ;
Than all the odors they inhale,
In halls or gilded towers.

I 'd gladly set the captives free,
And list with joyful ear,
The cheerful notes of LIBERTY,
Resounding through the air !

THE WEEPING BOY.

A boy with pallid cheek sat down
Beside his city door,
And little friends soon gathered round,
To cheer his heart once more.
They loved the child,
That wept and smiled.

A cloud of sorrow veiled him now,
His bosom heaved a sigh;
But soon he calmed his noble brow,
And wiped his mild black eye;
Then said the child,
In accents mild,

“ I thought of home, my dear old home,
Where winds were soft and free;
Where every bloom and sweet perfume,
Were ever dear to me.
I loved that home,
That quiet home.

“ One heart was there, with me to share
Each pleasure and each joy:
My mother dear! thy smile could cheer,
E'en now, thy dying boy.
Would thou wert here,
My mother dear.

“ But even this would not be bliss,
For thou art happier far,
In light divine where angels shine,
Beyond the twinkling star.
There, too, is joy,
For thy sick boy.

“ And how I 'd love again to rove,
O'er those bright sunny hills,

Where violets peep, and woodbines creep,
And sparkle merry rills.

Those waters bright,
Were my delight.

“ Such goodly trees, such ancient trees,
In that old church-yard grew ;
The sun’s bright ray, and moonbeams play
Those pendant branches through,
There some sweet bird,
I always heard.

“ One humble mound was in that ground,
Where sleeps my mother dear ;
There wild flowers wave around her grave
Wet now by no one’s tear.
Far from her bed
My tears are shed.

“ Oh! could I rest on thy cold breast,
When all my pains are o’er ;
Mingle with thine this dust of mine,
Mother I ’d ask no more.
This would be joy,
To thy poor boy.

“ Sweet mother now come fan my brow,
With wings of holy love ;
Then let me rest on thy own breast,
And sing with thee above.
There, there is room,
Mother, I come !”

AN ACROSTIC.

Religion, the *best treasure* that man can possess,
Ever fills the fond heart with pure happiness ;
Like it there is nothing, to quell every fear,
Its joys are substantial, its pleasures sincere.
Great peace to the mind, this treasure bestows,
In health, or in sickness, 't is a balm for our woes.
Of all the enjoyments that earth can afford,
None equal this blessing, this gift of the Lord.

ADA'S GRAVE.

"And in the garden there was a sepulchre."—*Bible*.

THE Spring has come again, Mother,
The gentle breezes blow ;
And yonder little stream, Mother,
How noisy it does grow ;
And just now, down the narrow lane,
The twittering swallow sang again.

And here the red-breast, too, Mother,
Was hopping all about ;
I really thought that he was glad,
The pleasant sun was out.
Oh how I love the cheerful spring.
The happy birds and every thing.

And near the streamlet's brink, Mother,
These modest violets grew ;
Such little beauties, only think,
I picked them all for you.

My Heavenly Father placed them there,
He makes the humblest flower His care.

You said, when Spring again, Mother,
Such beauty spread around ;
That I, beside the pleasant lane,
Should have a plot of ground,
Where I some little seeds might sow,
And see my own sweet posies grow.

* * * *

When Summer's breath was warm and bland,
And skies were soft and blue ;
Her garden showed a tasteful hand,
With flowers of every hue.
And for her mother's vase each day,
The choicest ones she bore away.

But ere the chill of Autumn spread
Its fading robe around ;
A deep and narrow grave was made
Within that garden ground,
And Ada found her last repose,
Beneath her own sweet blooming rose.

Sleep on, dear child, thy flow'ry bed,
Will be a sacred spot ;

Though soon, like thee, its beauties fade,
Thy loved forget-me-not
Will bloom in all its freshness when,
The pleasant Spring shall come again.

So Ada's precious dust shall rise,
When flowers shall cease to bloom ;
And clothed afresh, beyond the skies,
In heavenly gardens roam,
Where God's own love adorns the bowers,
With sweeter, never-changing flowers.

GRAND-PA AND ROSA.

An old man sat in his easy chair,
Within his little room ;
His eyes were dim, and his silvery hair
In scattered ringlets hung.

Time on his noble brow had traced
Its furrows long and deep ;
His manly step, and form of grace,
Were tott'ring now and weak.

No common sound e'er met his ear,
He sat absorbed in thought;
When round his neck, the arm most dear,
Of a child, was kindly brought.

“Thou ’rt sitting, grand-pa, all alone,
I think you must be sad ;”
She said, in a loud but gentle tone,
As she strove to make him glad.

“But grand-pa ’s not alone, my child ;
For he, in early youth,
From God’s blest pages stored his mind,
With sweet and precious truth.

“T is now a fountain in my soul,
Of living waters bright ;
At memory’s gentle touch they roll
Upon my mental sight.

“Jesus his angels soon will send,
And take dear grand-pa home,
To meet his kindred and his friends ;
Will his sweet Rosa come,

“And shine a gem, to Jesus given,
A rose of heavenly birth ;
And make dear grand-pa glad in heaven,
As she does now on earth ?”

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

MOTHER, I 've said my little prayer,
And now shall I retire ;
And leave you cold and hungry there,
Beside the flickering fire ?
Oh, no ! the wind is cold and raw,
Come with me to my couch of straw.

My little sisters wept, and took
The last small crum of bread ;
Then asked for more, with such a look,
But not a word you said ;
I knew your heart was almost broke,
Though not a word to them you spoke.

You kissed, and wiped their falling tears,
With your pale trembling hand ;
Then whispered, " Go to bed, my dears ;
To-morrow I will send
And get a loaf of nice white bread,
And you and brother shall be fed."

Mother, should we so hungry be,
If my papa was kind ?
Oh ! will he never stay with thee,
And leave the cursed wine ?
And yet I dread to have him come,
And madly rave around the room.

Mother, your tears are falling fast,
 You cannot see to sew ;
The flickering flame is sunk at last ;
 Dear mother with me go.
Then early to the shop I 'll trip,
 To take your work, some bread to get.

Mother, I soon a *man* shall be,
 And then a nice warm room,
With sisters, I will share with thee,
 And have a happy home ;
With cheerful hearts we 'll work all day,
 And chase your bitter tears away.

Far, far beyond the rolling deep,
 There 's bread enough they say ;
And there a happy home we 'll seek
 In broad America.
We 'll leave sweet Erin then behind,
 And plenty there we soon shall find.

Then by his mother's side he knelt,
 And both, to God above,
Uttered a fervent prayer, and felt
 That he would soon in love,
On Freedom's soil, that blest retreat,
 Grant them a home, and bread to eat.

THE ORPHAN'S DREAM.

I 've no father here to love me,
And no tender mother's kiss ;
Both are in the skies above me,
Both are safe in realms of bliss.

Oh, I was a lonely being,
Even when a prattling child ;
And my tearful eyes were seeing,
Happier faces all the while.

Oft my pillow in the morning
Told that even when I slept,
From my sealed eyes were falling
Tears that I from others kept.

Then it was I dreamed of angels,
Standing round my lonely bed ;
While their noiseless, shining pinions,
Gently fanned my aching head.

One seemed fairer than the others,
Watching with more earnest joy ;
Oh ! I knew it was my mother,
Come to smile upon her boy.

And I felt a gentle pressure
On my burning dimpled cheek ;
As I raised my hands to clasp her,
Crying, sainted mother speak ;

Speak, and cheer my saddened spirit,
Stay, and comfort my lone heart !
“Strength, my child, to nobly bear it,
“God,” she whispered, “will impart.”

Since that hour, I ’ve told the Saviour
All my cares and all my joy ;
And I know that He will never
Leave the lonely orphan boy.

“WHY DON’T MY BROTHER COME?”

It was not imagination that caused me to write these lines, but deep feeling for the loss of *my own dear babe*, together with the inquiry made in the *very words* I have used as a title, by my little surviving son, not yet four years old.

CHILD.

MOTHER, why don’t my brother come ?
So long why does he stay ?
I know they took him from our home,
And bore him slow away.

I saw the man the coffin place
Down in the vault so drear,
But oh ! I wish to see his face,
Mother, I want him here.

I fain would kiss dear Charles again,
And love him all the while,
So good was he, and happy when
I played and made him smile.

MOTHER.

Dear child, although our darling one
Lies mouldering with the dead ;
Our Jesus took the sufferer home,
And blessed his sleeping bed.

No more shall we behold his charms,
Or kiss his smiling face ;
He 's safe at last in Jesus' arms,
And rests in his embrace.

And if you wish to meet above,
Your little brother dear,
You must be good, the Saviour love,
And he will take you there.

And I, too, hope, through sovereign grace,
When all life's toils are o'er,
To clasp him in my fond embrace,
And Jesus' name adore.

KEEP THY HEART WITH ALL DILIGENCE.

CHILDREN, round thy guileless heart,
Good and ill are striving,
Evil stands with gilded dart,—
Flat'ry claims a little part,—
Selfishness is rising.

Gently, gently close the door,
Bid them not to enter ;
Pride, with jewels sparkling o'er,
Curls her lip, her wants a score,
Follows at a venture.

Quickly, quickly from them flee,
Other forms are coming ;
Anger, hatred, malice, see,
Hurry, hurry, turn the key,
Fiercer foes are roaming.

But afar in Orient light,
Like a shining angel,
Love appears with form bedight,
Golden locks are waving bright,
Joyously she 's smiling.

Open wide the well-barred door,
Clasp her to your bosom ;
She has joys laid up in store,
Shedding fragrance evermore,
Like a heav'nly blossom.

Kindness follows in her train,
Peace, the olive twining,
Spreads around life's sunny plain,
Charms, which with her golden chain,
Kindred hearts are binding.

Oh ! guard well the treach'rous door,
Stand with smiling faces ;
While love's pinions hover o'er,
Eden's pleasures to restore,
Welcome in the graces.



Missionary.

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

NATIVE land, thy joys are twining
Closely, round our throbbing heart ;
Verdant mountains brightly shining,
Can it be that we must part ?

Scenes of early days are telling,
Sweeter joys can ne'er be found ;
Can we leave our much-loved dwelling,
Hence to tread on Burmah's ground ?

Dearer are the friends of Jesus,
Stronger grows each sacred tie,—
Brethren, will your prayers sustain us,
When beneath that darker sky ?

Oh ! thou precious dying Saviour,
'T is thy love impels us on ;
Haste we then, these ties we 'll sever,
Burmah ! hence shall be our home.

Gladly there upon the mountain,
Or within the jungle's dell,
We, of sin's atoning fountain
Will those wretched heathen tell.

Farewell then, kind friends, forever,
Though we fall on foreign ground ;
Soon we 'll meet, where friends are never
Pained to hear a farewell sound.

TO MRS. LYDIA DEVAN.

These lines were written for the occasion, and sung at a meeting of the sisters of the Berean Baptist Church, N. Y., convened for the purpose of making arrangements for the outfit of sister Devan, at which meeting she related her views with regard to the China Mission.

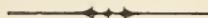
SISTER, we will gather 'round you
And our offerings freely bring,
We will pledge when waves surround you
Prayer shall rise to Christ our king ;
And when o'er the deep dark waters
Thou shalt tell a Saviour's love,
We will pray that China's daughters
May be harmless as the dove.

God has said to every nation
Where the tide of sin doth roll,
I will send my great salvation
To redeem the deathless soul.

China's gates are now thrown open ;
On with joy and take the field,
Stronger fetters will be broken
And the powers of darkness yield.

What though kindred ties are riven,
And the bitter tears may fall ;
When the “ well done ” shall be given,
We ’ll with joy each scene recall.
Fear not sister, God is with you,
He will guide you o’er the deep,
All sufficient grace he ’ll give you,
And your soul in safety keep.

1844.



THE YOUTHFUL MISSIONARY.

HE laid him down to rest, but sleep had fled,
And sorrow’s heaving sigh full oft was heard,
And tears of tender sympathy and love
Upon his downy pillow frequent fell.
Though but a child, his heart had felt that love
Which He, who “ so did love the world ” had felt.
When, from His own embrace, he gave His Son,
To save from endless death, whoe’er believed,
And sought in him to gain eternal life.

Fancy had led him o'er the mighty deep,
And there, writhing beneath the pond'rous wheels—
The "sacred" car of wretched Juggernaut—
He saw its suffering votaries lie
A sacrifice and offering to their god.
And helpless babes were to the monsters thrown,
Or cast in cruel Moloch's heated arms,
To perish 'midst the clamor of the crowd.
Oh ! were I where those wretched outcasts lie,
Upon the banks of "holy" Ganges' stream ;
I 'd raise their heads and whisper in their ears,
Their dying ears, the tale of Jesus's love.
I 'd tell them that the blessed Saviour sought
And found so vile a wretch as sinful me,
And in His own dear precious blood did wash,
And cleanse from ev'ry stain, my sin-polluted soul.

Ye blinded, superstitious race, who drag
The heavy chains of ignorance and vice,
And vainly seek salvation in those deeds
Which cools the very blood within my veins,
How soon would you abhor your lust and weep
In dust before the Saviour's blessed feet,
Could you but know the story of the Cross !
And who will spread abroad the glorious news—
The tidings of redemption through that blood
Which freely flowed on Calvary's hill ?

LINES

AFFECTIONATELY ADDRESSED TO THE CHILDREN OF BRETHREN BROWN
AND BARKER, WHO VISITED THE BURMESE SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN
COMPANY WITH SISTER E. W. BROWN, OF ASSAM,
FEBRUARY 14, 1847.

DEAR children from a foreign land,
Where strangers vainly seek
All blessings from their idol gods,
Which neither hear nor speak—

Tired of those cruel, horrid sights,
Which daily met the eye,
You 've turned away to scenes more bright,
And sought our western sky.

'T was here your parents early trod
Their peaceful, happy plains ;
Here early gave their hearts to God,
Then turned where darkness reigns.

That burning love for dying souls
That led them o'er the deep,
Now calls more bitter tears to roll
From eyes long used to weep.

A sacrifice like this to make,
To burst these tender ties,
And feel 't is all for Jesus' sake,
Our God will not despise.

He 'll raise up kindred souls to care
For children such as these,
And hear the tender mother's prayer,
Though breathed beyond the seas.

THE LAST INTERVIEW.

THE parting hour had come—the appointed work
Of Christ on earth was done, for he had borne
On Calvary's cross, the curse for guilty man,
Had suffer'd, died, and triumph'd o'er the grave.
Upon the eastern slope of Olivet
The chosen ones with Christ their master stood.

Upon their listening ears his parting words,
Like notes of heavenly music, sweetly fell ;
“ Be ye my witnesses to Israel's seed,
And to the Gentile race. In Judea's land,
And in Jerusalem, Samaria,
And e'en to earth's remotest limits, tell
How I have wept, and groan'd, and died,
And burst in twain the fetters of the tomb.”

He stood with hands and eyes upraised to Heaven ;
And as he bless'd the astonish'd band, a cloud
Of dazzling brightness veil'd him from their sight.
Then songs were heard in Heaven, “ Lift up your heads,

Ye gates, and let the King of Glory in."

And prayers were heard on earth, in reverence breathed
Forth by that lowly band, who prostrate bow'd
And worshipp'd HIM, who to the realm of bliss
Had gone to take his ancient seat beside
The Father's throne.

Full eighteen hundred years
Have run their race, and countless millions down
To death have sunk, since thus the Saviour breathed
Sweet words of mercy for a fallen world,
And millions yet ne'er heard that Jesus died.
But lo ! the blessed time is drawing nigh,
When Zion's slumbering watchmen shall awake,
And sound the alarm from Mount Moriah's shade.
Gentile and Jew in love shall meekly bow
Beneath the standard of the Saviour's cross,
And tell the triumphs of redeeming love.
The scatter'd sons of Israel's chosen race
The olive and the clust'ring vine shall prune,
And worship on their own beloved hill
The Father and the ever-blessed Son.
And soon shall sable Ethiopia, too,
Her hands stretch forth, in praises glorious,
To Him whose precious blood salvation brought.
The isles that speck the mighty deep shall hear,
And from the idols which their hands have made
Shall rise, and grasp the precious saving truth,
And shout aloud salvation through our God.
From ev'ry ship that ploughs the spreading sea,

The banner of the peaceful dove shall stream,
And from the altar of the stoutest heart
Shall purest incense rise to Christ our King.
Then come, ye fainting, feeble, blood-bought souls,
Come bow in humble faith before the throne,
And there devoutly pray—"Thy kingdom come,
Thy blessed, gracious will be done on earth,
As 't is by angels round the throne above."
Then shall prevail the knowledge of the Lord,
And Jesus' dying love fill all the earth.

HYMN—"COMSTOCK, THE MISSIONARY."

LONG since stood a pilgrim weary,
On dark Burmah's distant shore ;—
Can these waves, thought he, so dreary,
Bear my loved ones safely o'er ?

From his bosom's depth was welling
Up the tears of bitter grief;
And that parting scene was telling,
Joys on earth are few and brief.

But the love of Christ sustained him,
And his fervent prayer thus ran :
"Brother, still remember Burmah !
Send us help for Arracan!"

Lowly now that form is lying,
 On the field he laid him down ;
 But the echo still is flying,
 "Help for Burmah must be found!"

Who, among this happy number,
 Will respond, "Lord, here am I!"
 And with sainted Comstock slumber
 'Neath that sin-benighted sky ?

Soon the star of Jesus' glory,
 Will in noon-tide splendor glow ;
 Haste, oh ! tell Redemption's story,
 Let the world its triumph know !

LINES TO W. T. BIDDLE.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR, AND READ BY DR. DOWLING AT THE ORDINATION OF WILLIAM T. BIDDLE, MISSIONARY TO BURMAH.

Ah ! why dost thou go from this loved spot of earth ?
 Thy home and thy friends and kindred are here ;
 Has the soil that gave to freedom its birth,
 No pleasures to charm thee, no joys that are dear ?

Has the sweet Sabbath-bell, as it peals through the air,
 No tone in thy bosom responsive of joy ?
 Or is thy heart cold when the accents of prayer
 And anthems of praises the humble employ ?

On the arm of God reclining,
Thou art happy to depart,
Though the ties of love are twining
Closely round thy throbbing heart.

Earnest pleadings from that nation,
Buried long in sin's dark night,
In thy soul has waked compassion—
Haste then with the gospel light !

Not like those who early suffered,
Goest thou o'er the tossing deep ;
But, like them, thy life is offered,
And with them thy dust may sleep.

Hasten then, oh, gladly hasten !
To the shores of Burmah fly
With the message of salvation,
Ere those sin-led captives die.

Let not friendship's tears detain thee
Longer in thy happy home ;
Christ thy Saviour will sustain thee
On the raging billow's foam.

Yes, He left his Father's bosom—
Left the portals of the sky ;
But it was an humbler mission
'T was to suffer, bleed and die.

Oh. proclaim this great salvation !
Jesus' love will pardon bring :
Precious Saviour ! soon the nations
Shall arise and crown thee King.

August, 1851.

THE FALLEN MISSIONARY.

The following lines, on the death of our lamented brother, Rev. WILLIAM THOMAS BIDDLE, were read at the close of his funeral sermon by Rev. J. R. Stone, pastor of the Berean Baptist Church, of which Mr. B. was a member.

ZION weep ! thy ranks are broken,
From thy heights a star has flown,
Which we hailed a glorious token,
And dark Burmah called her own.

Zion weep ! thy hopes are blighted,
God has claimed thy precious boon,
Thou hadst given that land benighted,
Where the pleading cry is " Come."

Zion weep ! One heart was yearning,
For those souls condemned to die ;
And to them with joy was turning,
Pleased to leave his native sky.

Zion weep ! for Jesus called him,
Ere he put his armor on,
Wreathed with cypress is the laurel,
But a brighter crown is won.

Zion pray ! for clouds and darkness,

Are around His holy throne.

Zion pray ! while yet in sadness,

God thy tears and prayers will own.

September, 1851.



THE SPIRIT BIRD.

AN INCIDENT RELATED BY MRS. OSBORNE, IN HER "WORLD OF WATERS."

A NEW Zealand Chief, who knew not his God,
Was called to lay down beneath the cold sod
The son of his love, to whom he had clung,
And oh ! with what anguish his bosom was wrung.

What hope hath the heathen to cheer his sad heart,
Beyond the cold grave ? Is there aught can impart
One ray to console him, or light the dark storm,
Which breaks on his pathway, betok'ning no morn ?

But when in a bush, this chieftain descried,
A bird of bright plumage, his tears were all dried ;
He listened with rapture, believing he heard
The voice of his child in the song of the bird.

Oh ! had the blest gospel of Jesus been given,
Like a rainbow of promise to point him to heaven ;
A holier rapture his spirit had known,
And faith plumed her wings to meet at his throne.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO REV. J. L. SHUCK, WHOSE INFANT SON WAS BURIED IN THE OCEAN, DURING THE PASSAGE OF MR. S. TO THIS COUNTRY.

"And the sea gave up the dead which were in it."

THE father knelt in anguish there,
With smitten heart, and lone
Within the narrow cabin where
He watched his darling son.

Oh! 't was an hour of bitter grief;—
No mother watched thy bed
Fair child, or kindly brought relief
To thy poor, aching head.

No, no ; thy sainted mother's kiss
Was never felt till thou
Wast folded in her arms in bliss,
Where angels crowned thy brow.

But oh, an hour of deeper gloom
Awaits the man of God,
When Henri finds his infant tomb
Beneath the yielding flood.

Celestial wings the blue wave fanned,
Sweet voices uttered there,
"O weeper, stricken and unmanned,
Look upward—never fear ;

“This tossing deep shall yield her dead
When the high trump shall sound,
And China’s ransomed dust shall tread
With thee Immanuel’s ground.”

TRIUMPHS OF THE GOSPEL.

THE whiten’d fields before us,
Betoken harvest nigh ;
And every breeze implores us,
To lift our banner high ;
And bid the nations gather round
The tree, with life immortal crown’d !

On earth its roots are center’d,
And here rich dews are given ;
Its lofty top has enter’d
The glorious arch of Heaven !
And soon the echo from the Poles,
Will tell us there its fragrance rolls !

With tears of love we ’ll offer,
To-night, our songs of praise,
And here, upon God’s altar,
A sacrifice we ’ll raise !
Oh ! may its incense spread around
A Saviour’s love on heathen ground.

Our Mission ranks we 'll rally,
Till o'er the foaming seas,—
O'er mountain top and valley,
Our flag floats on the breeze !
Then we will shout, when nations come,
“The conquest 's ours—the victory's won !”



THE WATER OF LIFE.

FROM the fountain above, the waters of love,
Are issuing out from the throne ;
Like a river of light, all sparkling and bright,
And we have its influence known.

As the dew-drops of heaven, in freeness 't is given,
And mingled with tokens of grace,
Which enrapture the heart, and bid us impart,
Its blessings to Adam's lost race.

Where gross darkness now reigns, and Satan's strong
chains
Are binding the captives of wo ;
There, shall Salem's sweet rose, its beauty disclose,
And streams of salvation shall flow.

May we here then prepare, with others to share,
Those joys that endure as the soul ;
Till by spreading God's love, this stream from above,
Shall over earth's wilderness roll.

Then to God in the skies, sweet incense shall rise,
And nations unite in the song ;
While the sons of the deep, shall jubilee keep,
And Heaven the anthem prolong.

THE TEEMING WORLD.

THE teeming world, our field, we own ;
With cheerful hearts we 'll sow
Beside all waters, to redeem
Some captive souls from wo.

With joy our native forests hear,
The Saviour's welcome voice ;
While heathen climes our alms shall share,
And in his love rejoice.

From Lebanon's gigantic shade—
From Carmel's flow'ry height ;
The peace of heaven again shall shed
Around a holy light.

The scattered seed, rich sheaves will show,
If wet with tears of love ;
And God a harvest will bestow,
And garner it above.

There may each happy donor meet,
And Christ our offering own ;
When ransomed nations at his feet,
Shall shout the harvest-home.

FROM OUR BELOVED NATION.

FROM our beloved nation
To heathen climes afar,
The blessings of salvation
The light of Bethlehem's star,
Has shed its ray of gladness,
Where sin's dark tide doth roll,
And from the chains of sadness
Has raised the captive soul.

We 've prayed for olive China
And for the dark Karen,
And wept for fettered Burmah
With all its holy men.

And asked the God of heaven
That to his blessed Son,
The kingdoms might be given—
His will on earth be done.

Then let our prayers and offerings,
O Lord, accepted be,
And those who now are suffering
Thy love and glory see.
From wigwam, hut and cabin,
May holy incense rise ;
And children waft the chorus,
Salvation, through the skies.

A MISSIONARY HYMN.

YE, who have sought salvation—
That pearl of price unknown,
Hark ! from the heathen nation
Comes up a suppliant moan.
Now onward it is swelling
Throughout our favored land ;
To heaven-born souls 'tis calling,
“ Come, aid the feeble band.”

Awake ! gird on your armor,
The waving fields are white ;

And let the gospel banner
Diffuse its sacred light.
Go, spread the love of Jesus
O'er all the wide domain ;
'T is this alone can free us,
Or breaks the tempter's chain.

The Great Sabbath morning,
In splendor soon will rise ;
We hail with joy its dawning,
Which greets our raptured eyes ;
Then rising from the power,
Of superstition's thrall,
Each idol-grove and tower,
Before the Cross shall fall.

Sabbath-School.

TO EUGENIO KINCAID.

Lines sung by Sunday-school, No. 32, on Lord's-day morning, August 27, 1843, when our school was visited by brother Kincaid, who gave us a very interesting address, which served to connect our missionary efforts in the Sunday-school with his labors in the East, and helped our children to trace their pennies to the ultimate good they are intended to accomplish.

WELCOME, dear servant of the Lord,
Back to thy native land,—
And we with joy will list the word
Thou bring'st from Burmah's strand.

Full many a day, in faith and prayer,
Where heathen feet have trod,
Thou 'st labored with a father's care
To point their souls to God.

And O what joy thy spirit felt,
When at the Saviour's feet,
With thee, the anxious heathen knelt
God's mercy to entreat;

Or when beneath the yielding wave
 Of Irawadda's tide,
 Burmah's dark sons allegiance gave
 To him the crucified.

Go on, dear servant of the Lord,
 And still his love proclaim,
 Till Burmans all may read his word
 And praise his holy name.



THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR'S GRATITUDE.

With joy we hail the Sabbath morn,
 And Teachers haste to meet,
 Whose hearts with sympathy are warm,
 Who love to guide our feet.

We leave awhile our childish play,
 And listen to your voice ;
 God grant that we, the narrow way
 May make our early choice.

Profusely on our happy land,
 God has his blessings shed ;
 Each Sabbath here, a joyful band,
From thy blest word are fed.

Teachers, we render thanks to thee,
For seed so timely sown—
May thy reward in glory be,
A mansion near the Throne.

Oh, may we live your seats to fill,
And others tell of heaven—
Till Truth shall spread o'er vale and hill,
And all to Christ be given.

KEDRON'S VALE.

'T WAS a damp, cold night, when the torches bright
Shone through dark Kedron's dale ;
When the Jews rudely come on the dear loved one,
As he wept in Kedron's vale.

CHORUS—Oh ! Kedron, dark Kedron, dear Kedron's
dale.

Still the same trees blossom o'er that little
green spot
Where he wept in the lonely vale.

But away from the glen they bore him then,
And on the rude cross did nail,
The Saviour who wept, while midnight slept
Over him, in Kedron's vale.

Oh ! Kedron, &c.

But now he has gone, and angels prolong
His praises where none can assail ;
But ne'er be forgot that dear lone spot,
Where he wept in Kedron's vale.
Oh ! Kedron, &c.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER'S REWARD.

I saw the faithful teacher stand
Before his class one day ;
The word of God was in his hand,
With tears he taught the way.

He pointed to the Lamb of God,
Whose life was freely given
For all, who seek through pard'ning blood
The road which leads to heaven,

He said, delay not, hasten on ;
Though mercy 's offered now,
To-morrow's dawn, or setting sun,
May light thy death-pale brow.

But if for years thou shouldst remain
To toil and labor here,
A great reward at last you 'll gain,
And crowns of glory wear.

And oh ! the happiness of those
Who early seek God's grace ;
Who live to soothe another's woes,
Or dry the mourner's face.

Though hard and barren should the soil
To our weak sight appear ;
We sure shall reap for all our toil,
For so His words declare.

And when around the dazzling throne
The ransomed throng shall meet,
Rich sheaves, for seed once feebly sown,
Our raptured souls shall greet.



ONE CENT MORE.

OH, there are many children dear,
In western wilds away,
Who no instruction meet to hear,
On God's most holy day.

That they a life of bliss may spend
With Christ when time is o'er,
We would some books and teachers send
By giving *One Cent* more.

FRIEND OF CHILDREN.

TEACHERS, here me meet together,
On this holy Sabbath day ;
Oh ! we feel a sacred pleasure,
When me meet to praise and pray.
Saviour hear us, Saviour hear us,
While we raise our grateful lay.

Once, Judea's parents brought thee
Infants smiling in their arms ;
For thy blessing they besought thee,
When they saw thy gracious charms.
Friend of children, Friend of children,
How he clasped them in his arms.

Now he sits in yonder heaven,
Kindly bidding us to come ;
If our hearts to him are given,
There we 'll sing a sweeter song :
We will praise him, we will praise him,
When we join the happy throng.

May we meet each faithful teacher,
On that bright and flowery plain ;
With our parents and kind preacher,
There in bliss for aye to reign :
And the glory, and the glory,
We 'll ascribe to Jesus' name.

ANNUAL HYMN.

So softly move the wings of time,
So noiseless is its tread,
That like the past each day we find,
Till weeks and years have fled.

Twelve months have passed since we did raise
To God our annual song,
And now, with sweeter strains of praise,
We would those notes prolong.

For He who bids the seasons roll,
And marks their onward flight,
Takes knowledge of the humble soul,
For love is His delight.

And round our path the Angel band
Clad in their bright array,
Have scattered blessings from His hand
On us from day to day.

We to the house of God repair,
To learn His holy will,
And teachers kind are always there
With truth our minds to fill.

While millions of our youthful race
No blessed Sabbath know,
We all are taught that Jesus' grace
Can save our souls from wo.

Oh God, inspire each youthful heart
With deep devotion's flame ;
Thy saving love deign to impart,
That all may fear Thy name.

And now, to every little friend,
We ask with hearts sincere,
That God His mercies still extend,
And grant a HAPPY YEAR !

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

SWIFTLY as the eagle's flight,
Time's revolving wheels have sped ;
Bearing loved-ones from our sight,
To the chambers of the dead.
Could we draw aside the veil,
Bring each coming scene to view ;
Many hearts with fear would quail,
And for offered mercy sue.

Death we know is in the land,
All must feel his fatal dart ;
And the blow, by God's command,
Soon will still the throbbing heart.

Children—oft the opening bud
Soonest feels the chilling blast ;
You may lie beneath the sod—
This New Year may be your last.

Kindly now the Saviour stands,
Pity beaming in his eye ;
Oh ! there's pardon in His hand,
He for you did freely die.
Let not teachers plead in vain,
Parents o'er thy follies grieve ;
But repent, and peace obtain,
Come, the Saviour now receive.

HIS LOVE WE WILL REMEMBER.

THE cheerful Spring has come again,
With sunshine and with flowers ;
And balmy breezes waft the strain
Of birds, in verdant bowers.
We 'll emulate their songs of praise,
And here our grateful voices raise
To Him, who bids the rolling spring,
Its thousand new-born pleasures bring.
His love we will remember.

Through Summer's heat, and Winter's cold,
To school, our feet have brought us ;
To join the Teachers of the fold,
Who God's own truth have taught us.
They 've told us of a Saviour's love,
And pointed to that land above,
Where Jesus sits with smiling face,
And bids us welcome to his grace,
His love we will remember.

And when our songs on earth are o'er,
O may we meet in glory ;
And sing on that immortal shore,
Redemption's wond'rous story.
There we 'll review these golden hours,
Where Spring is robed in sweeter flowers,
And with our grateful Teachers bend,
In love to Christ, the sinner's friend,
His love we will remember.

WE HAVE MET, WITH CHEERFUL VOICES.

WE have met, with cheerful voices,
On this happy eve again,
And with love each heart rejoices ;
Sweet has been our pleasant strain.

Now, with solemn cadence swelling,
We of darker scenes will tell ;
Grief has veiled the lonely dwelling,
While the tears of anguish fell.

Zion's faithful ones have perished,*
And the friend of Burmah sleeps :†
Heaven has claimed the *gem* we cherished,
But our soil the *casket* keeps.

Parents, too, with spirits broken,
Over their crushed blossoms stood,
When the heart's deep fount was opened
By that providence of God.‡

Ah ! how sudden was their exit
To the cold and silent grave !
Bowed we not, with humble spirit,
While the tears our cheeks did lave ?

Lord ! for early death prepare us,
Or for usefulness below ;
Then to heaven may angels bear us,
Where our tears shall cease to flow.

* Several of our church members, including the wife of the pastor, Rev. J. R. STONE, and Deacon SAMUEL CHAPPEL, have departed during the year.

† Rev. Wm. T. BIDDLE, on the eve of sailing for Burmah.

‡ The calamity at the Greenwich Avenue School.

ALTHOUGH OUR HAPPY VOICES.

ALTHOUGH our happy voices
Have reached the heavenly hill,
And every heart rejoices
To spread Jehovah's will,
We feel that notes of sorrow
With every strain should blend—
We miss the fallen scholar,
We miss the infant's friend.

Teachers ! your ranks are broken,
And brilliant stars are gone,
And God to us has spoken—
For many parents mourn :
And yet the whitened harvest
Invites the reaper's hand,
And oh, lest souls should perish,
As faithful teachers, stand.

Come while the mind is tender,
Ere pleasures fill the road,
Teach them their hearts to render
A sacrifice to God ;
That we may all before him,
Inspired with JESUS' love,
In sweeter songs adore Him
Around the throne above.

ROSY MAY.

YES, again, 't is rosy May,
Come our youthful hearts to cheer,
Welcome, then, our festive day,
Grateful hearts are bowing here.
Nature leaves her icy thrall,
Clothes afresh the hill and dale,
She her fragrance breathes on all,
Where her smiling joys prevail.

So within this happy land
Where God's blessed Sabbaths shine,
Resting in the teacher's hand
Is the precious book divine.
They alike to all impart
Truths His holy word contain,
Like the dew upon the heart,
Or in Spring, the genial rain.

And when we to summer rise
Here to fill your vacant seats,
Or when autumn clouds the skies
And the wintry tempest beats.
We to others then may tell
Of life's happy, cheerful spring,
And our hearts with rapture swell,
When the praise of God we sing.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

TUNE—*Home, sweet Home.*

WE love when the blest Sabbath morning has come,
With bright happy faces to leave our dear home,
And here with our teachers unitedly raise
With glad hearts our voices to Jesus in praise,
 School, school, sweet, sweet school,—
We love our kind Teachers—we love our dear school !

We love our dear Teachers—we 'll try to obey,
They teach us of heaven, and point us the way ;
They tell us of Jesus who came from above,
And died to redeem us, so great was his love ;
 School, school, sweet, sweet school—
We love our kind Teachers—we love our sweet school.



THE SONG OF PRAISE.

THE warm breath of Spring bids the flow'rets appear,
And fill with their perfumes of sweetness the air ;
The birds of the forest are blithesome and gay,
And sweet are their songs on the dew-spangled spray.

And we who have met on this bright happy eve,
With glad hearts and voices our tribute will breathe,
Of grateful hosannas to Jesus our King ;
Oh may we an offering acceptable bring.

Could we praise Him with voices as sinless as they,
The heavens should echo with gladness to-day,
For drops of His mercy and tokens of grace,
Both Scholars and Teachers have shared in this place.

But shall we not praise Him ? yes, nations must hear
The song of Salvation and join in our cheer,
And angels with rapture shall list to the lays
When the bright hills of glory re-echo His praise.

May pastor and parents and friends all unite
In songs of Redemption in mansions of light,
Hosannas to Jesus unceasingly then,
We 'll sing with the angels, forever, AMEN.

WE 'RE A BAND OF CHILDREN.

HERE we learn of God and heaven,
How our sins may be forgiven,
Through the blood of JESUS given
For the dear Infant School.

We 're a band, a band of children,
We 're a band, a band of children,
We 're a band, a band of children,
And we love the Infant School.

May we strive by good behavior
How to gain the love and favor
Of the ever-blessed Saviour,
In the dear Infant School.

We 're a band, &c.

If our hearts we give to JESUS,
Then when death from sin relieves us,
God to glory will receive us
From the dear Infant School.

We 're a band, &c.



ANOTHER YEAR.

ANOTHER year has passed away,
And we are yet alive,—
Oh let us raise a grateful lay,
To Him who rules the skies.

His hand each blessing has bestow'd,
By Him we 've been supplied,
And streams of healing love have flow'd
From Jesus' wounded side.

Come then and humbly seek *his* feet,
Accept of proffer'd grace ;
Children, *here* is a safe retreat,
The Saviour now embrace.

Then if from earth you should depart,
Before *this* year shall close,
You 'll meet above, the pure in heart,
Where perfect pleasure flows.

Scripture Subjects.

WORSHIP.

"O come, let us worship and bow down : let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand."—Psalm, xcvi. 6, 7.

With joy I'll bow before thy face

And worship at thy feet ;

T is here my soul began its race,

And fain would it complete.

T is here with shame my sins I 'll own,

Which keep me from my God ;

My sorrows and my wants make known,

Then plead thy healing blood.

Far from my wayward heart remove,

Each sin-polluting stain ;

Thou art my God, thy saving love

The wanderer can reclaim.

To the rich pastures of thy grace,

Dear Saviour onward lead ;

There I, with joy shall see thy face,

And prayer no longer need.

LIFE A VAPOR.

"What is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a very little time, and then vanisheth away."—James, iv. 14.

WHAT is our life? See from yon rill
The curling vapor slowly rise;
Anon it flits above the hill,
Till lost in yonder azure skies.

So frail is life, each passing day
Still nearer brings the opening tomb;
Lord, ere we 're snatched by death away,
Prepare us for a heavenly home.

SHALL I, A SINFUL WORM.

"The Lamb shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountain of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii. 17.

SHALL I, a sinful worm,
By Christ the Lamb be led?
And safe outride the gath'ring storm,
Which o'er the world shall spread?

Shall I with angels stand
And view the living fount
Of waters, flow at thy right hand,
On the celestial mount?

Shall God wipe off the tears
 Which fill my raptured eyes ?
 And I surmount the gloomy fears
 Which now obscure my skies ?

Lord, 't is thy blood alone,
 Can fit me for that place ;
 I bring no merit of my own,
 But plead thy sovereign grace.

CHRIST OUR LIFE.

"I am the way, and the truth, and the life : no man cometh unto the Father but by me."—John, xiv. 6.

I AM the Life, the Way,
 The dear Redeemer said ;
 From God, through me a heavenly ray
 Shall light the path you tread.

With him my soul would seek,
 In solitude a place ;
 And with my Father freely speak,
 And ask for daily grace.

Deep sorrows, too, he bore,
 And shall I then complain ;
 When floods arise, and tempests roar,
 And beat my feeble frame ?

The path he meekly trod,
With zeal may I pursue ;
'Till in the presence of my God,
His glorious face I view.

THE LAST DAY.

"Behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven ; and all the proud, yea, all that do wickedly, shall be stubble."—Malachi, iv. 1.

WHEN folded in one mighty blaze,
Earth, seas and skies appear ;
Sinner, amidst those scorching rays,
No hope thy soul can cheer.

In vain for shelter, then will flee,
The wicked and the proud ;
As stubble all their hopes will be,
When flames the world enshroud.

Once, Jesus filled the mercy seat,
And kindly bade thee come ;
Now robed in majesty complete,
He seals thy awful doom.

But closely to his wounded side,
The blood-bought throng He 'll press,
And welcome on his spotless bride
To fields of endless rest.

CONTRITION.

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Psalm, li. 17.

THE God of glory deigns to meet,
The contrite soul at Jesus' feet ;
With broken spirit, may I there,
Oft meet my God in solemn prayer.

May I, my humble off'ring bring,
Perfumed with sorrow to my King,
And find my sacrifice ascend
To God, through Christ the sinner's friend.

In his atoning blood alone
O cleanse my prayers, my tears and groans ;
And daily let me find some place,
Where thou canst show thy gracious face.



PROPHETS BY FAITH BEHELD THE DAY.

"I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts ; and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people."—Heb., viii. 10.

PROPHETS by faith beheld the day,
Which God for us designed ;
The bleeding victim marked their way,
But we the cross can find.

Oh ! Lord, thy precepts deeply write
 With love upon our hearts,
 That we may taste with new delight,
 The bliss thy Law imparts.

So thou, our God, shalt ever be,
 Dispensing light divine ;
 Till we, thy people, rise to see,
 The Lamb in glory shine.



CHRIST THE SINNER'S SUBSTITUTE.

“Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.”—Titus, ii. 14.

CHRIST saw the sinner stand
 Exposed to endless wo ;
 And justice did command
 To strike the fatal blow ;
 He stept between us and our God,
 Received the blow, and spilt his blood.

My soul adores that love
 So boundless, yet so free,
 Which did his pity move
 To ransom worms like me.
 Oh ! may my life to others tell,
 That Jesus saved my soul from hell.

THE LEPER.

“Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.”—Matt., viii. 2.

METHINKS before the Saviour’s feet,
I see an outcast Leper kneel ;
And there, the blessed Lord entreat,
His spotted loathsome flesh to heal.

“Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst,” he cried,
Compassion filled the Saviour’s heart ;
The healing word was soon applied,—
He stood released from all his smart.

So now, dear Saviour, thou canst raise
The sin-polluted downcast soul ;
Canst turn his grief to songs of praise
To Him, who makes the sinner whole.



OUR GLORY LIKE A FLOWER.

“All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass.”
I Peter, i. 24.

OUR glory like a flower,
May perish with a breath ;
Our lives how frail—a flitting hour,
That ends in silent death.

Our fondest hopes may lie
All with'ring on the ground,
No earthly joy—but blooms to die
In nature's realm is found.

But in yon holy land,
No bitter tears shall rise ;
Disrobed of cares our souls will stand
And grasp a fadeless prize.

LORD'S-DAY MORNING HYMN.

How sweetly beams the light
Of this, God's holy day,
Dispelling all the shades of night
With an effulgent ray.

So, Lord, illume each mind
With thy enlivening grace,
That every care may be resigned
While we shall seek thy face.

Beside no tomb we stand,
And mourn an absent Lord,
Like Mary and the little band,
Who loved, and Thee adored.

But to thy mercy seat
We would with joy repair
Our glorious risen Lord to meet
Who lives to answer prayer.

Jesus, thy name be blest
For this sweet day of thine,
Emblem of that eternal rest
Where joys are all divine.

PRESENCE OF THE LORD.

“And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way.”—Exod. xiii. 21.

WHEN Israel’s race their journey took
Up to the promised land,
The cloud through every dale and nook
Led on the chosen band.

But we to Canaan’s blest abode
No cloud are left to trace :
God’s word lights up the narrow road,
With beams of heavenly grace.

And when the Saviour left the grave
And sought his Father’s side,
The promised Comforter he gave,
Our erring hearts to guide.

Faith, too, bestows her cheering aid,
And looks where joys endure ;
For he whose hope on God is stayed,
Shall find the promise sure.

A MORNING HYMN.

THE bright and roseate hues of morn
Again burst on our sight,
And we, O Lord, at early dawn,
Would bow with new delight.

We laid us down and sweetly slept,
For thou did'st us sustain,
And round our bed bright angels kept
Their nightly watch unseen.

While some on sorrow's shoreless sea
By tossing waves are driven,
We feel a breeze divine from thee,
To waft us on to heaven.

Oh ! Saviour, grant our feet to guide
In wisdom's cheering way,
And lest our feeble steps should slide,
Help us to watch and pray.

A HYMN FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

BRETHREN, leave each worldly thought,
Sisters banish every care,
Hither Christ your feet has brought,
Now He waits to answer prayer.
Come in faith, approach the King,
Lay yourselves at his dear feet,
All your tithes and offerings bring,
Jesus here your souls will meet.

He will bow his gracious ear,
He will listen to each groan,
And present the contrite tear
With his blood before the throne.
Though we oft have grieved his love,
Torn afresh his bleeding heart,
Yet He lives to plead above,
And will mercy still impart.

We his image here should bear
Shedding 'round a holy light,
'Till the thoughtless with us share
Blessings mingled with delight.
Lord cement the bond of peace,
Bind our souls more close to thee,
Bid each note discordant cease,
Thou our guide and pattern be.

LOVE OF THE SABBATH.

Thy holy Sabbaths, Lord, return—
We hail the dawn with joy,
And to thy courts our steps we turn,
While thanks our tongues employ ;
We love with pardoned souls to bring
A song of praise to Zion's King.

Lord, when we bow in solemn prayer,
Do thou our thoughts control ;
And may thy Holy Spirit cheer
And bless each waiting soul ;
That we with purer hearts may bring
Some grateful tribute to our King.

Thy servants, Lord, with zeal inspire,
To tell how wondrous love,
Surpassing all our vast desire,
Flows from thy throne above ;
And from thy word, O, may they bring
Some kind memorial of our King !

Thus may the feast so freely spread,
So ample, so complete,
Induce some starving soul to come,
And share the banquet sweet ;
That ere the eve its shadows bring,
New songs may rise to Zion's King.

PRAYER.

"Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live."—Psalm cxvi. 2.

BECAUSE He has inclined his ear,
And listened to my prayer ;
Before his throne I 'll still appear,
And lay my burden there.

Long as I live some lonely spot,
My Bethel here shall be ;
Where I can sit in solemn thought,
And breathe a prayer to thee.

And yet so worthless, Lord, am I,
I should not dare to plead,
Did not the blood of Calvary,
For sinners intercede.

COMMUNION HYMN.

"The following lines were composed on a bed of sickness, June 3, 1843, and sung by the church (of which the author is a member) on the following day, at the celebration of the Lord's Supper.

ONCE more thy favored children meet
Around thy sacred table, Lord ;
Refreshed, the broken bread they eat,
And drink the emblem of thy blood.

Oh ! blessed Spirit, hover round
This much-loved spot—this hallowed place ;
And may each heart in prayer be found,
And view the cross Christ did embrace.

Remember, too, beloved friends,
Your heavenly Father's chast'ning rod
Is felt by one, whose heart expands
With love to you, and to your God.

But oh ! the cheering thought to know,
That He who died that we might live,
Whose healing blood so free did flow,
Can in all places comfort give.



EVENING HYMN.

GREAT GOD thy mercy has preserved
Our lives another day ;
Where'er from thee our hearts have swerved,
Thy pard'ning love display.

The morning dawned upon our eyes,
We left our beds of rest ;
And from thy board with full supplies,
Our wants have been redrest.

While some have felt oppression's band,
Hunger, remorse and pain ;
We from thy kind, indulgent hand
Each needed good obtain.

Accept, O Lord, our thanks of praise,
While lowly at thy feet :
Our grateful hearts to thee we raise,
And mercy still entreat.

"KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED UNTO YOU."

"Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—Matt. vii. 7.

KNOCK ye at the narrow gate,
Mercy stands with list'ning ear.
Agonizing prayer repeat ;
Jesus will at length appear.
He will wipe the gushing tears,
He will raise the contrite soul,
Cleanse your heart, remove your fears,
Make your wounded spirit whole.

Christians, are your souls oppressed !
Come in faith to mercy's door,
He, who gave thy bosom rest,
Seas can calm and peace restore.

Angels soon with swifter wing,
Will our spirits waft above ;
Then the conqueror's song we 'll sing
On the shores of boundless love.

THIRSTING FOR GOD.

" As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God : when shall I appear before God ?"—Psalm xlvi. 1, 2.

As from the rugged thorny hill,
The bounding hart each nerve expands ;
And panting seeks the cooling rill,
That flows amidst the scorching sands ;

So I, my God, would pant for thee,
While through this land of doubt I roam ;
So would I drink that stream so free,
That rises from thy Holy throne.

Oh may I with the Psalmist's zeal,
In holy fervor weep and pray ;
Thirst for my Saviour's love, and feel
His rod and staff to cheer my way ;

Till I before his face appear,
On the bright plains, in realms above ;
And from the *fountain full* and clear,
Drink deep the joys of endless love.

JESUS HIS FLOCK TO GLORY LEADS.

“ He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; he leadeth me beside the still waters.”—Psalm xxiii. 2.

JESUS his flock to glory leads,
Through pastures green and flow’ry meads ;
And from the waters clear and still,
The thirsty soul he deigns to fill.

May I, the Shepherd’s voice obey,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly way ;
But press with vigor on the road,
Till safe within the fold of God.

Then I, from him, no more will rove,
Nor grieve the object of my love ;
But from the *fountain* purer still,
My soul with rapture ever fill.



THE JUDGMENT.

“ For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.”—2 Cor. v. 10.

BEFORE thy judgment seat, O Lord,
We shortly must appear ;
And there be judged by thy bless’d word,
While men and angels hear.

There we no secret-place shall find,
To hide us from the Lamb ;
But close to the Eternal mind,
Our naked souls must stand.

Each word, and act, and every thought
Will then rewarded be ;
And those, who ne'er have Jesus sought
Must sink in misery.

May Christ *our* Advocate be there,
With robes of peace and love ;
And smiling bid us with him share,
A glorious rest above.



GOD'S LOVE FOR THE SINNER.

"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be a propitiation for our sins."—1 John, iv. 10.

Oh, what love to us was shown,
When the Father freely gave,
His beloved, his darling son,
Hell-deserving souls to save.

When we trod the road to death,
Mercy whispered, turn and live ;
Love attended every breath,
Christ was ready to receive.

Shall not we, in meekness lie
 All submissive at his feet ;
 Give our hearts, ourselves away
 To our God an off'ring meet.

Lord, let grateful incense rise,
 From our inmost soul to thee :
 'Till with angels in the skies,
 We, unveiled thy glories see.



THE LORD OUR REFUGE.

"He only is my Rock and my Salvation : he is my defence ; I shall not be moved."—Psalm lxii. 6.

THE Lord, a sure refuge will stand,
 For all the dear lambs of the flock ;
 The feeble, who trust his command,
 Are safe in the cleft of the Rock.

His love will encompass their path.
 And daily his grace he 'll bestow ;
 For mercies are new every breath,
 To pilgrims who wander below.

When sorrow's deep waters arise,
 And tempests break over the soul,
 His hand He 'll extend from the skies
 And calm the dread billows that roll.

Blest angels will hover around
Till Jesus shall give the command ;
To take us where pleasures abound,
In Canaan's bright happy land.



THE TRIALS OF SAINTS.

"We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."
Acts, xiv. 22.

THE apostles and martyrs through sorrow's dark flood,
Went up to the mansions prepared them by God.
From the foes of the Lord to the mountains they fled,
And in its deep caverns they made their cold bed.

How sweet is the rest of the saint in the skies,
Whose spirit from torture and flames did arise ;
And soft is that bosom on which they repose,
Where each wave of glory new beauties disclose.

All, all that will follow most closely their God,
Shall meet persecution, and oft feel the rod ;
The tempter is watching each transport of joy,
With sins most besetting their peace to destroy.

But let us not linger nor faint by the way,
Our Jesus is with us, his arm is our stay ;
We 'll on, then, though Jordan's cold billows may roar,
He 'll bear us to glory, when conflicts are o'er.

THE MERCIES OF GOD.

"Great are thy tender mercies, O Lord."—Psalm cxix. 156.

THY tender mercies, Lord, how great,

Well might the Psalmist say ;

So all, who on their God shall wait,

May find, from day to day,

Sweet tokens of refreshing grace,

Flow gently from thy throne ;

The humble soul each good can trace,

To Jesus' blood alone.

But who can count thy mercies o'er,

Or tell how vast thy love ;

Our finite minds pause and adore,

The unfathomed fount above.



MAY I ATTAIN THAT REST.

"And there shall be no more curse ; but the throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it, and his servants shall serve him, and see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads."—Rev. xxii. 3, 4.

SIN's dreadful curse shall never come,

Within that holy place ;

Where God, all-glorious, fills the throne,

And shines through Jesus' face.

There, all his faithful servants meet,
Whose foreheads bear his name,
And join the song divinely sweet,
All glory to the Lamb.

O Lord, may I attain that rest,
And find on entering there,
Some humble mansion with the blest,
Which Jesus did prepare.

CHRIST'S SUBMISSION.

"When Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit; and having said thus, He gave up the ghost."—Luke, xxiii. 46.

WHEN in deep anguish on the cross,
The Saviour groaned and bled,
To heaven He raised his dying voice,
Then bowed his willing head.

Father, into thy blessed hands
My spirit I commend,
My blood henceforth for pardon stands,
And I the sinner's friend.

Thus pressed beneath the weight of sin,
Its dreadful curse He bore;
That rebels He to God might win,
And peace to men restore.

Keen Justice had its full demand,
 Mercy looked down and smiled ;
The contrite soul with God now stands,
 Through Jesus reconciled.

Oh may I, at the gate of death,
 All washed in that dear blood,
Resign with joy my mortal breath,
 And take my flight to God.

BARTIMEUS.

ONCE sitting by the highway side,
From early dawn 'till eventide,
 For alms a beggar sought :
But oft the stranger passed him by,
Or listened to his pleading cry,
 Then hurried from the spot.

But when he heard the passing crowd
And learned that Christ was there, he bowed
 And thus in fervor prayed :
Thou Son of David pity me,
Thou, who canst cause the blind to see,
 Oh ! grant restoring aid.

Helpless and blind, no friends, no home,
And few that heed my piteous moan,
I here in sorrow stay.

Those notes of anguish reached his ear—
He sees his grief, beholds the tear,
And bids him come away.

By faith he *saw*—he wept, he praised,
And on that lovely being gazed,
Whose love had filled his heart;
Oh, doubly blest! said he, am I,
My night is gone, my sins passed by,
I feel no inward smart.

I 'll publish now thy name abroad,
That all the blind may seek my Lord,
And feel his pardoning love.
I 'll follow Christ, he is *the way*,
His arm, henceforth, shall be my stay,
'Till I ascend above.

Temptation.

THE TIMELY VISIT;

OR, THE PRAYING CHILD.

WITHIN a cellar dark and drear,
A child, in rags, was lying ;
I asked why she alone was here,
And why she thus was crying.

The voice of kindness reached her heart ;
She rose and said most sweetly :
“ Ah ! sir, these bitter tears will start,
For *drunken father* beats me ! ”

I wiped her eyes, supplied her wants,
And told her not to sorrow ;
I ’d seek her father, and perchance,
Would call again to-morrow.

I found him, and with many a tear,
I pictured out his ruin ;
I told him of his little dear,
Whose prayers were him pursuing.

With trembling hand the pledge he took,
And from the grog-shop started ;
He thanked me with a solemn look,
When at the door we parted.

I called again, but weeks had passed ;
The child with smiles did greet me ;
“ What brings this change ? ” I meekly asked—
She said, “ Pa, kindly treats me.

“ I ’m happy now ; he toils all day ;
At night be comes to hold me ;
I *never* ceased for him to pray,
As dying mother told me.”



THE DRUNKARD AND HIS BIBLE.

THIS Book ! the only thing that now remains
Of her I once so fondly, dearly loved.
My tender mother gave it her, when first
I brought her to my own dear, happy home.
With sad and broken hearts, long since *they* fell,
And in the silent tomb have found repose.
THIS Book ! I want it not. Of joys long past,
I ’ll think no more. It drives me to despair—
To madness. Yes, my very soul is parched

With that tormenting thirst which drives me on,
To seek relief within the dead'ning cup.
I want the Lethean draught to quell
Those sad tormenting thoughts that rack my brain,
And swells the burning tide that rushes now,
As with the lightning's speed through every vein.
THIS BIBLE ! ah ! I want it not. Each page
In burning language breathes my condemnation,
And my helpless, hopeless doom foretells.
Friends have I none. I none deserve. I 'm scoffed,
And hooted e'en by those who scarce my name
Can speak. Black darkness like a midnight pall
Is spread around my feet. No ray of hope
Can intervene, to change my woful case.
THIS Book ! I want it not. I 'll give it then
For *one more dram* to hide from me the past,
And shut my future doom, with all its train
Of bitter curses from my fearful sight.

THE CHILD AND THE FLOWERS.

A girl, who met in the grove her father returning from the dram-shop.

“ WHAT brings you to the forest wild,
So early, little Miss ?
The morning sun has scarcely smiled,
In woods so drear as this.”

“Papa,” said she, “my brother’s sick,
And mother weary grows;
So I have come, that I might pick
The early sweet primrose.”

“T is right, my child,” said he, “to cheer
Thy brother’s aching heart;
Their fragrance, too, may dry the tear,
That pain has caused to start.”

“But brother will not mind the flowers,”
Said she, “he is too ill;
Nor I, papa, the early hour,
If I, my basket fill.

“They ’ll buy for him some healing drink,
To cool his feverish lip;
Then with me to the river’s brink
Again with joy he ’ll trip.

“I feared that Willie, dear, would die,
And sleep in the cold grave;
But mother said, these flowers might buy
Something, his life to save.”

“Dear child, thy father never can
Such tender love repay.
Henceforth, I ’ll strive to be a man,
And from the dram-shop stay.

“I ’ll breathe upon thy mother’s heart
This day, the Temperance vow ;
And never cause again to start
The tears to cloud her brow.”

“ Come, papa, seal with one sweet kiss
That vow upon my cheek !
Our home *once more* shall all be bliss,
My joys I cannot speak.”



GROG-SHOPS AND DISTILLERIES.

TUNE—“*Bonny Doon.*”

YE grog-shops and distill’ries, too,
Long have you been a curse to man ;
You dealt your poison out, and wo
Has followed with a dreadful hand.
The rich ye ’ve robb’d of all their gold ;
The proud have tottered from their seat ;
And in the sinks of vice behold,
What degradation do we meet.

Down to the shades of endless death !
Sad millions roll in deep despair ;
The orphan’s tears, the widow’s breath,
In vain have plead, in vain their prayer.

But, oh ! a star hath brightly rose,
And thousands from thy power have broke ;
Glad hearts have smiled, forgot their woes,
As kindred souls, to reason 'woke.

Thy reign of terror soon will cease—
Columbia's daughters sing for joy :
The *temperance* pledge shall give us peace ;
The monster's hold it shall destroy.
And Mercy, stooping from above,
Shall shed around her heavenly rays ;
Where happy beings bow in love,
To offer solemn pray'r and praise.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

It was midnight. The song profane was hush'd—
The bitter curses for a moment ceased,
And from the dram-shop rudely rushed a gang
Of poor inebriates. The creaking door
Was harshly closed, and in the solemn gloom
And pall of night, with feeble, falt'ring steps,
They sallied forth. One—once the gayest
Of the gay—now, had not where to rest him,
Or where to lay his trembling, aching head.

The gentle being whom he once did love,
And proudly called his own, dear, happy wife,
Had calmly borne his taunts and scorn, till want
Had driv'n her, with a sad and broken heart,
To seek a home far in the western wilds,
Beneath a father's roof, where she, and those,
Her helpless babes, might have their daily bread.

That night he found repose—if drunkards sleep—
Where stood the noble steed, and fearless fed.
Perhaps he dreamed of brighter, happier days,
And saw his little ones approach his bed,
And heard them softly whisper “My father.”
But ah ! no tender hand was with him there,
To aid him in his exit from the stall.
Alone he stood ! Alone he fell ! and there,
By stiffened, palsied feet, he hung, and died.

Oh ! who could see a noble being thus
Brought down to death, with heart unmoved !
Replete with sorrow is the drunkard's life—
Remorse and anguish, like the gnawing worm,
Upon his conscience preys, and draws him on
To ruin, and the land of death.

But who ?

Oh ! who would ask the recompense of him
Who hourly stands, and pours the poison out,
To swell the tide of mis'ry that o'erwhelms
Our lovely earth, and in the shades of wo
Shuts ever up the naked, deathless soul !

THE RUMSELLER RECOGNIZED.

STRETCHED on a hard and tattered bed,
A dying man in anguish lay,
No pillow bore his aching head,
While thus he breathed his life away.

The ever-fearful mad'ning dreams
That haunt the drunkard's burning brain,
With pallid ghost and fiery fiends,
Appeared with all their frightful train.

The voice of her, his tender wife,
His heart once filled with throbs of joy ;
And dearer, too, than his own life,
Once stood his darling, prattling boy.

But now, alas, no soothing tone
Can reach that hopeless, sinking heart ;
With tearless eye and sad'ning moan,
His spirit must from hence depart.

But stop—the voice of one that filled
For him so oft the fatal cup,
Has through his dying spirit thrilled,
And broke his heavy slumber up,

And dost thou know me, then, he said,
And neared his paltry shaking cot—
Know thee! the dying man replied ;
Know thee! ah, Sir, why know thee not.

And these, *my wife* and *weeping child*
Will know thee, too, when I am dead !
Said he—and raved in accents wild,
Then lifeless sank upon his bed.

THE APPEAL OF LITTLE ALICE.

I HAD a tender father, when
I was a prattling child ;
And mother seemed so happy then,
She ever sweetly smiled.

But, oh ! the night of sorrow came,
And father sterner grew,—
The drunkard's *curse*—the drunkard's *shame*,
Around its *terrors* threw.

My gentle mother pined away,
And paler grew her cheek ;
And when she knelt with me to pray,
Her voice was faint and weak.

Hungry and cold, I sought for aid,
And stemmed the chilling blast ;
But “she's a drunkard's girl,” they said,
E'en when my tears fell fast.

Poor mother's throbbing heart was stilled,
When I rehearsed my woe;
And oh ! such grief my bosom thrilled,
As orphans only know.

They laid her in the cold, cold grave,
And I am left alone !
Oh ! who the drunkard's girl will save,
And give a happy home ?

THE CHILD'S APPEAL.

STOP, father ! stay that heavy hand,
Strike not another blow ;
Poor mother's heart I fear 't will break,
She weeps and trembles so.

Father, I know she loves you, too,
For oft I 've heard her say,
That you no unkind act would do,
'Till rum led you astray.

And oft I 've heard dear mother pray
That God would you forgive,
And place you in the better way,
That you in heaven might live.

My feeble hand oft wipes the tear
 That steals down mother's cheek ;
 I know she 's hungry, and I fear
My wants aloud to speak.

Then I to some lone spot repair,
 And bow at His dear feet,
 Who makes such little ones his care,
 And gives them bread to eat.

Come, father, dash that fatal cup,
 Taste not another drop,—
 Come ! rouse thy tender feelings up,
 That mother's tears may stop.



A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE.

The following lines were suggested by the fact that, but a short time since, a man committed suicide while under the influence of liquor, which he purchased from his own brother, who persisted in selling it to him, after the earnest and repeated entreaties of his neighbors that he would not do so ; and to which he replied, in the strong argument of the Rumseller—“ *I have a right to sell him liquor*, and will continue to do so long as he has three cents to pay for it.”

WHAT sound is this, so doleful and so sad,
 That rises, as it were, beneath my feet ?
 My very blood seems curdled in my veins ;
 Methinks I hear the wailing of the dead,
 Whose body lies beneath the damp, cold sod.

'T is here the manly form, brought down to death
By cruel hands, in vain has sought repose.
True, he did break the thread ere life its own
Short span had run ; but list with me awhile,
And hear his own heart-rending, fearful tale :—
“ Ah ! brother, why didst thou not pity me,
And hold my body back from sin and shame,
My soul from ruin and eternal death ?
My weakness and my frailty thou didst know—
I might have dashed the fatal, mad'ning cup,
Had 't not been proffered by a brother's hand.
My early friend—companion of my youth,
My tender wife, with smitten, bleeding heart,
And helpless babes, widowed and fatherless—
I was a brute, a demon, in their sight ;
I robbed them of their joys—home of its bliss ;
My very presence cast a gloom around.
Not all their tears and prayers could me induce
To turn and seek the healing stream, while there
My brother stood, and poured the poison forth.
Eternity ! thy countless years may tell
In vain, the height and depth of all my woe—
Remorse my burning soul each moment stings ;
Pointing to yonder world, it harrows up
Each heinous, mad'ning scene, and plunges me
Still deeper in this sea of shoreless woe,
Whose waves of darkness and despair proclaim,
In ever-fearful, awful sounds,
THY SINS ! THY SINS, HAVE JUSTLY FIXED THEE HERE !”

THE DRUNKARD'S SON.

SPEAK *kindly* to the drunkard's son,
He may a manly heart,
Beneath his tattered garments own,
That scorns his father's part.
He may beside his mother's knee,
Ask daily from above ;
That God would help him here to flee,
The cup his sire doth love.

Deal *gently* with the drunkard's son ;
He much of sorrow knows ;
With taunts, his bosom may be wrung,
Till tears his vision close.
And oft his father's cruel hand,
Inflicts the heavy blow ;
His ease your sympathies demand ;
Then add not to his woe.

Encourage oft the drunkard's son,
Inspire his heart with hope ;
Tell him that honor may be won,
Thou now, his way he grope.
On through temptation's withering blast,
He yet may stand in pride,
Above the lordly son who passed,
So scornful from his side.

“ Mother, I am called a drunkard’s son !”
 Once said a weeping boy,
 “ And I ’m resolved to leave my home,
 I have so little joy ;
 These cruel taunts my bleeding heart,
 In silence cannot bear ;
 I ’ll dash these tears, and soon will start,
 To seek a home elsewhere.”

“ And leave your mother,” she replied,
 The chord of love was moved ;
 He fell upon her neck and cried,
 “ Thy tender voice I ’ve loved.
 It has a power to give relief ;
 When stranger hearts have none,
 I ’ll stay and share with thee, thy grief,
 Nor leave thee here alone.”

1849.



OH TAKE THE PLEDGE.

AIR—“ *Auld lang syne.* ”

OH take the pledge and faithful be,
 And may the plighted vow
 Be sacred held in after years,
 And warmly breathed as now.

Remember, 't is no slender tie
That binds th' inebriate's heart,
And reason must that power defy,
Come let her act her part.

The peace, the joy of temperate hours
The home of happy cheer,
May soon be thine, nor demons lower
To haunt with deadly fear.

Then take the pledge, and may time's flight
Mark only joy's increase,
And may your days pass sweetly bright,
In happiness and peace.



A FIRM RESOLVE.

TUNE—“*I would not live alway.*”

I WILL not drink alway : no, ere I depart,
I 'll dash the vile cup that has madden'd my heart :
O'er the Past, may Oblivion throw her dark pall,
And Hope cheer me onward from Alcohol's thrall.

I will not drink alway ; the craving within,
Which fetter'd me closely to sorrow and sin,
No more shall enslave me, from bondage I 'll flee,
And drain with thanksgiving the cup of the free.

I will not drink alway ; my children no more
Shall eat the cold morsel they crave from each door ;
Their heart-broken mother no more shall despair,
But breathe with more fervor to Heaven her prayer.

Oh, who would drink alway ; the brain mad'ning bowl,
Destruction, and mis'ry, and death, to the soul ;
Who then will not pledge from this monster to flee,
And drink from the fountain that sparkles so free.

THE STAR OF TEMPERANCE.

AIR—“*The bright rosy morning peeps over the hills.*”

THE bright star of Temp'rance shines full o'er the land,
Diffusing its blessings, with Mercy's kind hand ;
While the happy, happy pledge, calls, O ! come, come
away !

Awake from your slumbers, and hail the glad day.

Our cause it shall triumph ! o'er the land and the seas,
The dove and the olive shall float in each breeze ;
Then gaily let us follow, follow the sweet temp'rance
sound,
Where pleasure, and vigor, and health are all found.

Opposers are yielding, the conquest is ours !
The hydra stands reeling, bereft of its powers !
Then here let us, let us all enjoy from the fount,
The heart-cheering bev'rage, all care to surmount.

P a s t o r a l .

DEDICATION HYMN.

SUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH IN
NEW MEXICO.

Oh ! Lord, the happy hour has come,
Which we have longed to see ;
And now within this sacred dome,
Our praise ascends to Thee.

Jesus, how charming is the place,
The courts of thy abode ;
Come show us now thy smiling face,
And here, thy name record.

Dear Saviour, may thy precious word,
In all its beauties shine ;
And sinners haste to meet the Lord,
And own his power divine.

Oh ! may these flow'ry plains rejoice,
And bless the happy day ;
Which bids us elevate the cross,
And Jesus' love display.

Breathe, Holy Spirit, light of love,
On this benighted land ;
Till Christ his majesty shall prove,
And King of nations stand.

THE PASTOR'S FAREWELL.

To thee, dear pastor, when away
From us, thy weary feet are led,
Our thoughts will turn, and we will pray
That on thy soul rich grace be shed.

The bitter tears of sorrow rise
From fountains deep within the heart,
To heaven we lift our weeping eyes,
Submissive, yet reluctant part.

Dear under-shepherd of the flock,
How gently hast thou led us on,
Through pastures rich, to Christ the Rock,
And bid us build our hopes thereon.

And now, we take "the parting hand,"
God bless thee, brother, is our prayer ;—
Remember the Berean band.
When to the Throne thou dost repair.

THE PASTOR'S WELCOME.

WATCHMAN, take thy happy station,
On this tower of Zion stand,
And proclaim the great salvation,
Which the love of souls demand ;
Jesus, bless this new relation,
Pastor, and thy chosen band !

Watchman, from the heights of Zion,
View the field of labor here ;
Hope, the promise is bespeaking,
First the blade and then the ear.
Toil in faith, the soil is breaking,
Precious fruit will soon appear.

Zion's friends will gather round thee,
To sustain thy weary hands ;
On the battlement we found thee,
Faithful to the great command.
Preach the gospel, Christ is with thee,
While his gracious promise stands.

Welcome, then ; our heart's affections
Closely round thy own shall twine :
While we hold this fond connection,
Spirit, on thy Vineyard shine !
Bind our souls in sweet subjection
To thy will, O Lamb divine !

THE PASTOR'S RECOGNITION.

BROTHER ! here with joy we meet you,
As the leader of our band ;
Here with heart and voice we greet you,
While we give the friendly hand.

Take thy stand on Zion's tower—
Give the trump the certain sound—
Wave the Cross—display its power—
Tell its triumphs all around.

As the children of one Father,
We the prayer of faith will wield,
And to Christ a harvest gather,
Glorious, from the waving field.

Thou hast left the tear-drop stealing
Down the cheeks of friends most dear—
But thou comest, with noble feeling,
Burdens with us here to bear.

We, a cordial welcome give you,
Servant of our glorious King—
May his grace dwell richly with you,
And his arm salvation bring !

D o m e s t i c .

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE, that solemn sacred rite,
Which doth the happy souls unite,
Was blest in Adam's holy state,
In Eden, with his lovely mate.

Sure happiness is made complete
When two fond hearts in union meet,
But marriage never gives *true* rest
When love is absent from the breast,

LINES TO MY HUSBAND,

ON THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR WEDDING DAY.

EIGHT years have swiftly passed away
Since we were joined in holy band,
To cheer each other on life's way
With joyful heart and willing hand.

We 've toiled amidst the sunny bowers
Of sweet domestic joy and bliss ;
No jarring notes, no with'ring flowers,
To mar each other's happiness.

Dear pledges to us God has given,
To share our smiles, increase our cares ;
Three greet us now, but one in heaven
A spotless robe of glory wears.

Sickness and pain have often sought
Our humble, peaceful dwelling, too ;
But still the hand of mercy 's brought
A balm to soothe our ev'ry woe.

And soon perchance these earthly ties,
Which twine so closely round the heart,
Will be dissolved, and grief will rise,
When lov'd ones for awhile must part.

But safe on yon celestial plain,
May we, this little happy band,
With Christ the blessed Saviour reign,
And take "no more the parting hand."

NEW YORK, 1840.

LINES TO MY ABSENT HUSBAND.

I 'm far from thee, my husband dear,
As morning streaks the sky ;
And softly on my listening ear,
Sweet music passes by.

Each bird its matin homage sings,
And to my mind thy image brings,
As thou dost kneel in humble prayer,
Alone, beside my vacant chair.

Far, far from thee, kind voices greet,
And smiling friends I see ;
But *one*, whose voice is ever sweet,
Whose smile is bliss to me—
In visions bright I fondly trace,
And feel full oft his warm embrace,
But wake to find it all a gleam
Of memory, on life's passing stream.

I love my friends—my youthful home—
That home with joy I see !
But *one* dear spot I call my own,
'T is paradise to me ;
'T is where thy kind approving smile,
Lights up with love the place, the while,
We meet around our social hearth,
The *sweetest, dearest spot* on earth.

TO MY HUSBAND,

ON THE TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR WEDDING DAY.

'T is even so, twelve years have passed since I,
My childhood's early home with joy did leave,
To dwell with thee, my Love, far from those scenes,
'Round which my memory still most fondly clings.
Bright, happy, sunny spots,—I left them all—
My kindred, too, I left, for *one dearer*
Than these, bore me away from their embrace.
Well, years roll on, and we as help-mates yet,
Each other's burdens kindly strive to bear;
And dearer now art thou to me, since I
Thy worth have known, than when I gave to thee
My youthful hand and undivided heart.

Through varied scenes our pathway since has been.
We 've smoothed for each the couch of pain, pillow'd
The aching head, and felt that e'en the tear
Of sympathetic love could lift the soul
Up to the gates of heavenly paradise.
Our children *three* are with us yet. But two,
Our sweet, our precious babes, tired of this sad
And dreary world, have early sought repose,
And in that bright and happy land, have laid,
Upon the Saviour's breast, their weary heads.
'T is joy, 't is happiness to know that these
Are moored, where time's tempestuous waves
May never beat upon their fragile barks,

*Our pilgrimage, perchance, will soon be o'er ;
These ties which stronger grow as years depart,
Will severed be, but love, beyond these low
And dreary skies will rise in perfect bloom ;
And in the broad expanse of heavenly day
Will speak Jehovah's endless praise.
There, re-united on that happy shore,
May we, with those whom God to us has given,
Adore the riches of that sovereign grace,
Which thither led our weary, wandering feet.*

November, 1846.



TO MY MOTHER.

MOTHER, Time with thee is flying,
Age has furrowed o'er thy cheek ;
Autumn leaves are wan and dying,
Loud the wintry tempests speak ;
Yet pass on with gentle tread,
Mother, though life's charms are fled.

Eighty summers must have lighted,
Many charms to thrill thy heart ;
Eighty winters must have blighted,
Joys the summers did impart ;

Tott'ring steps, with form bent low,
Tell thee, mother, this is so.

Scareely now do I remember,
When thy raven locks were fair ;
For I know in life's September,
Silver threads were in thy hair ;
When I laid with gentle twirl
On thy neck, the glossy curl.

Thou didst watch life's early morning,
With a mother's tender care ;
Mark the intellect's first dawning,
When my childhood grew more fair.
Thoughts like these my bosom thrill,
Mother, dear, I love thee still.

Years have fled, since I have met thee,
And perchance we meet no more ;
But night visions often greet me,
Bringing back the days of yore ;
Mother, joys of love had birth,
Round my childhood's happy hearth.

Seas of sorrow rudely driven,
Oft thy bark has sorely tried ;
Loved ones to the tomb thou 'st given,
Still thou stem'st the ebbing tide.
Mother, may thy setting sun,
Brighter shine, as moments run.

Catch the evening gale that 's passing,
As thou near'st the distant shore ;
Sweeter fragrance there is wafting,
Thy worn spirit to restore ;
Mother, then through Jesus' love,
May we meet in realms above.

NEW YORK, *July*, 1854.

FAREWELL TO MY HUSBAND.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS, EXPECTING SOON TO BE REMOVED FROM MY
BELOVED HUSBAND AND FAMILY.

I 'm thinking of the time, love,
When by your manly side ;
I stood in youthful prime, love,
Your happy, trusting bride.

When from my early home, love,
You bore me quick away ;
And took me to your own, love,
To light and cheer your way.

Ah ! those were happy days, love,
And mem'ry still can dwell !
On every sunny ray, love,
That on my pathway fell.

E'en now when slumber steals, love,
O'er this poor, feeble frame ;
I see those pleasant fields, love,
And range that flow'ry plain.

I meet your smiling face, love,
At our old cottage door ;
And in thy fond embrace, love,
Those happy hours live o'er.

And often when the charm, love,
Has passed, I dry the tear ;
And fold you in my arms, love,
And feel you still are dear.

But O ! we soon must part, love,
And bitter tear-drops roll ;
Wrung from my very heart, love,
Yes, from my inmost soul.

I know you 'll lonely be, love,
When first the dark cold grave
Shall hide my body from thee,
And tears thy cheeks will lave.

Thou 'lt miss me when at eve, love,
Thy children round thee cling,—
They 'll claim a right to grieve, love,
Ere they their vesper sing.

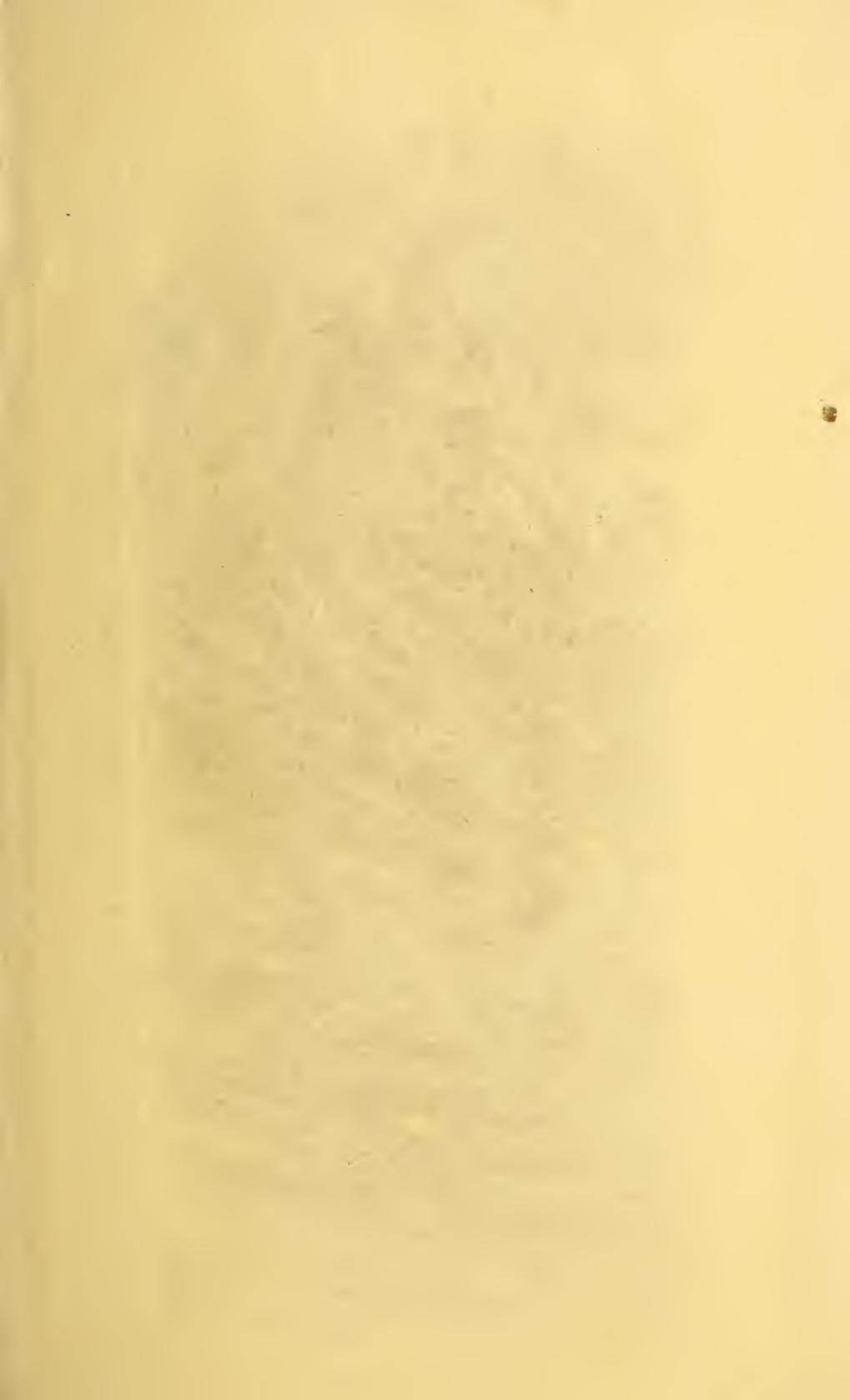
They 'll miss their mother's voice, love,
When pain and sorrow rise ;
They 'll miss that gentle hand, love,
That dried their weeping eyes.

But I will still be near, love,
If God will this permit ;
And bear their sighs and prayers, love,
Up to the mercy seat.

O ! may our children dear, love,
Their parents God obey ;
And He 'll befriend them here, love,
And guide their lonely way.

Then shall we meet again, love,
A family in heaven ;
And to God's blessed name, love,
Shall endless praise be given.

Soon, soon we 'll meet to share, love,
The joys of that dear home,—
No parting tears are there, love,
And "farewells are unknown."



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